

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1862.

REV. JOHN F. WRIGHT.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARLAY.

JOHN FLAVEL WRIGHT was born in North Carolina, July 30, 1795, and spent his early years near the northern boundary of that State, and within sight of its Blue Ridge Mountains. His parents and their ancestors were Presbyterians—a people who rarely neglect the religious training of their children, to their praise be it said. From infancy John Flavel was taught the important principles of practical and experimental godliness. And, as may be readily inferred, such tuition, in connection with parental restraint and example, saved him in youth from those excesses of folly and wickedness into which the young are so apt to run. But on the other hand he narrowly escaped the danger of resting contentedly in a mere outward morality; for in those days of abounding wickedness, a comparatively-pure exterior life would be easily confounded with a life of piety.

When he was thirteen years of age, his father having become a Methodist, the ministers of that denomination were invited to visit and preach in the house. The early Methodist preachers, as is well known, were men of singular devotion to their one work, and omitted no opportunity in private and social intercourse with the people to speak "a word in season." By the conversation and preaching of these good men John F. soon found that the seeds of sin's disease were incorporated with his very nature, and that his boasted morality was radically defective, being grafted into a carnal stock. He became indeed thoroughly awakened to a sense of his guilt and danger as a sinner; and had he then yielded to the gracious influences of the Divine Spirit, he might soon have found the pearl of great price.

Unfortunately, however, he stifled his convictions and grieved the Holy Spirit. Yet he was

not suffered to lose all his good impressions—at intervals, for four years, he passed through seasons of awakening, but always turning a deaf ear to the calls of mercy. This he always esteemed the great sin of his rebellious life; and when, in 1813, he resolved to submit to God, these repeated and aggravated sins against the Holy Ghost appeared so heinous that he was well-nigh driven to despair. Still, in humble hope and in the depth of self-abasement, he prayed earnestly and used the means of grace within his reach. For six weeks, with a burdened conscience and a stricken spirit, he appeared as a suppliant at the foot of the cross pleading for mercy. Finally, at a camp meeting, surrounded by a praying multitude, the vast and accumulated load of guilt was rolled from his soul, and pardon and regeneration experienced, accompanied by the witness of the Spirit, filling his heart with joy and peace in believing. He soon connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church; and it was not long till his brethren, impressed with his "gifts and graces" for usefulness, brought him before the public in prayer meetings.

In a few months he received a clear and powerful conviction that God had called him to the work of the Christian ministry. This was as clear to his mind as the witness of the Spirit in his pardon; but it produced indescribable agony in the heart of the young and timid disciple. Those who have the happiness to know him now will not doubt that he was a most diffident boy, such as would tremble at the thought of appearing before the public. His own consciousness of unfitness for so great a work, added to his natural modesty of character, made the struggle a very-severe one, and we are not surprised to learn that he came near losing all religious comfort. At last, however, under the conviction that his own soul would be lost if he refused to enter upon the work, he yielded; wisely concluding

that no sacrifice was too great, no cross too heavy, no suffering too intense in the service of One who had done so much for him.

He believed, furthermore, that the great Head of the Church could and would so assist and bless his labors as to make them a blessing to others. He soon received permission from Rev. R. Thompson, preacher in charge of Gadkin circuit, to exhort. His first effort was in August, 1814. However much others may have been pleased with his performance, the young exhorter himself, as is quite usual in such cases, was very much dissatisfied—so much so, indeed, that the enemy took occasion to tempt him to desist from all further labors in public. But he had suffered too much in arriving at a fixed purpose to be easily turned aside from what he firmly believed to be the path of duty.

In the Autumn of 1814, Rev. Waldell Johnson, the junior preacher on the Gadkin circuit—which was three hundred miles round—was disabled by sickness, and it was proposed that John F. Wright, then a youth of nineteen years, accompany and assist the invalid preacher. Though he had not then attempted the regular exposition of a text, it was doubtless considered that no better opportunity would offer for testing his abilities as a preacher, and in obedience to the constituted authorities he started out on his first mission, but with great fear and trembling. His first text was, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The sermon was well received, and produced considerable effect. The Rev. Mr. Johnson encouraged the young man by assuring him that with a good deal of practice he would probably make a preacher. A tender regard for Mr. Wright's humility probably prevented a very strong expression from his traveling companion. The second preaching effort was at Elkhorn, on the text, "But one thing is needful," etc.

The circuit was principally in a mountainous region and very thinly populated. The preacher—Johnson—gave young Wright some instructions about the appointments, how to find them, what to do at them, etc., and then proposed to go across the circuit, and meet him in about ten days. This arrangement, while it evinced much confidence in the youthful preacher, must nevertheless have been somewhat embarrassing, as it left him entirely among strangers, with no one to introduce him. The rides were long and tiresome, and the habitations "few and far between." In attempting to reach a given point one afternoon, in order that he might reach his appointment next day, he became confused and lost the way. As the darkness of night was gathering over his head, he determined to beg

for quarters at the first house he could find. He was soon made glad by the sight of a humble dwelling, and was cordially received by a poor family, who seemed to have scarce room in their small house for their own accommodation. When he explained the cause of his wandering astray among the hills in which dwelt this rustic household, the old lady exclaimed with great earnestness, "Surely heaven and earth are coming together; a Methodist preacher has come to our house!"

He read the Word of God and prayed with the family, after which a portion of a small bed was assigned him, and was gratefully accepted—the accommodations being infinitely better than a night's lodging in the wilderness, the only alternative. Early next morning he set off for his preaching-place, still at a considerable distance, but having daylight got along without further trouble and reached the place in time. Here he was cordially received and generously entertained by a local preacher, Fletcher by name, who, with his excellent lady, made the young itinerant feel quite at home. The next day being Sabbath he preached at Union Church, where the congregation was much larger than he had ever attempted to address before, but the Word found its way to the hearts of the people.

On the following Wednesday he set off with a view to reach an appointment eighteen miles distant. There were but few houses on or near the road, and he missed the way again, and wandered among the hills till some time after dark. Finding himself lost in the woods, and fearing to travel in the darkness of the night lest his horse should stumble and fall, owing to the uneven surface of the country, he dismounted and hitched his horse; but before making up his mind to bivouac in the woods, he hallooed at the top of his voice, but received no answer. At last he began to make arrangements for the night. His saddle-bags made a very good pillow, and the night being exceedingly cold, he wrapped a bear-skin about his feet and threw his saddle over his knees, being the only available coverlet for the occasion except his overcoat, which he kept on. His plan was to lie down and sleep as long as the cold would allow and then jump up and take exercise awhile. Fortunately he never got asleep during the whole night—if he had it might have been his last. Under the circumstances he naturally felt unhappy and anxious, and the long night wore away very slowly. The stillness was broken only by the howlings of wild beasts, a music to which the benighted traveler had never listened before, and which he sup-

posed to have proceeded from the wild-cat and panther.

In addition to the physical discomforts of the occasion his mind now became agitated and confused, "was thrown into scattering fragments of broken thoughts," and the worst feature of the sad case was "a hard heart and no spirit to pray." This night thoroughly tried his faith, as well as his fixed purpose to be an itinerant preacher. The thoughts of his father's house, with all the charms of home, rushed upon him in striking and painful contrast with the inconveniences and deprivations of an itinerant life. That the young preacher in the wilderness was terribly tempted on this occasion there can be little doubt, nor should it be thought at all strange. Finally, after a tedious, weary night of "waiting for the morning," he beheld with joy the dawn of day, and having no path started toward sunrise, and kept on in straight course. After having traveled about five miles, the tinkling of a cow-bell indicated the proximity of a human habitation. He was not long in finding a rude log-cabin. The honest German woman, who met him at the door, expressed great astonishment at seeing a stranger in that unfrequented place at so early an hour; but her sympathies were soon enlisted for the lost and exposed young traveler, and the hospitalities of her humble home were cordially extended. Under her care and direction he avoided the fire, being now almost in a freezing condition, and repairing to the spring thrust his hands into the cold water. The good housewife thinking that they were not deep enough in the water, pushed him on the shoulders violently and came near immersing her guest, hands, head, and feet, forgetting that his stiffened limbs could hardly resist the power of her brawny arm. Being at last thawed out completely, and getting no information in regard to his route from the cottagers, he pushed on and by good fortune reached his appointment in time for the service.

Here Mr. Johnson, the sick preacher, was awaiting him, being still too unwell to preach. From this point they passed on together round the circuit till they reached the vicinity of young Wright's home. He felt some solicitude that the mountain adventure might not reach the ears of his father's family, but in this was disappointed—the circumstance was soon "noised abroad."

He now preached occasionally till the last quarterly meeting for the Conference year, when he was licensed to preach, and recommended for admission on trial in the traveling connection to the Virginia Conference, to be held at Lynch-

burg, February 20, 1815. Here he was received and appointed to Hanover circuit, between the James and Rappahannock Rivers, including the birthplace of Henry Clay.

His second appointment—1816—was alone on Black River circuit, in the low-lands and sandy pine regions of North Carolina, where the accommodations were not of the best order. There was, it is true, an occasional good dwelling in the better portions of the circuit; but the houses were for the most part log-cabins of one room only, which must needs be parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and chamber, according to the exigencies of the occasion. It must have been very difficult to read, and study, and meditate, and attend to the duty of secret prayer under such untoward circumstances. And to retire to the "leafy grove" would not greatly improve the case, in a country celebrated for the size and number of its musketoes.

In 1817 Mr. Wright was ordained deacon, and returned to Black River circuit. During both years on this large field of labor, he had the pleasure of witnessing extensive revivals of religion under his ministry. His next appointment was to Guilford circuit, North Carolina, a year of which we are in possession of no facts of special interest. In 1819 he was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts and appointed to Princess Ann circuit, near Norfolk, Virginia. In 1820 he was stationed at Newbern, North Carolina.

In 1821 he obtained a transfer to Ohio, but was appointed to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, where he labored efficiently and acceptably till the next session of the Ohio Conference, which was held in Lebanon, September 6th, where he was duly and cordially received by his Western brethren and stationed in Lebanon. By this Conference he was sent, in the Fall of 1822, to the town of Cincinnati, not then, as now, "the Queen City of the West." In 1823 he was appointed to Madison, Indiana, which was then a six weeks' circuit. Although the territory then embraced in that large circuit is now adorned with fine towns, splendid dwellings, and beautiful farms, it was very different forty years ago. On this circuit he was obliged to experience many of the hardships of pioneer life in the West. His predecessor having neglected to publish his first round of appointments, Mr. Wright was under the necessity of visiting some neighborhoods unexpectedly, and calling the people together as best he could. On one occasion, at a small log school-house, the preacher announced as his text, "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." His object was to inculcate Christian humility.

and he urged his hearers to be clothed with that grace which adorns the life of the pious and wins the respect and confidence of the irreligious.

After service he received an invitation from a man in the neighborhood to lodge in his house, which he accepted. He entered the cabin, and being seated by the fire—for it was a cool night in the Autumn—was accosted by his host with the remark, "Your bed to-night will agree well with your sermon." The wife added, "It is like Lorenzo Dow's bed." The point of these remarks became visible when Mr. Wright prepared to retire, and was pointed to a little straw "pallet" on the floor in a corner near the fire, the principal covering being a blanket doubled lengthwise, which might answer for a very *thin* man, but was not quite the thing for the occupant of that night. Still, the bed was gratefully accepted, and the application of the sermon rendered far more practical than is usual in such cases.

In Allen Wiley's neighborhood he preached in quite a large log-house, in which there was no window. When the door was shut there was just about light enough—admitted through cracks in the logs—to enable the preacher to read his text. It was found necessary to keep the door closed, on account of a very large number of dogs assembled in the yard evincing a disposition to mingle with the people inside. During the sermon the dogs seemed to be engaged in a promiscuous and free fight, which greatly divided the attention of the congregation, many of whom seemed more interested in the display of canine depravity than in the discourse. The preacher finally remarked in a somewhat subdued tone, "I invite all the people in the neighborhood to attend our meetings, but hope when they come to worship God that the dogs will be left at home." Mr. Clark, the father of Rev. John Clark, a minister of considerable reputation, added, in a loud and somewhat startling voice, "I second that motion!" The question was not submitted to a popular vote, but thereafter the dogs were not brought to service.

In 1824 he was stationed at Chillicothe, where a glorious revival of religion attended his labors. Three hundred and sixty-five were added to the Church, and more than that number converted to God. On the 31st of March he was married to Mary, daughter of Judge Reynolds, of Urbana, after having been ten years in the itinerant ranks. He remained at Chillicothe two years, and was then appointed to Mad River circuit.

In 1827 Mr. Wright was stationed in Cincin-

nati for the second time. During this year the great secession from the Church took place, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church. Many seceded in Cincinnati; but such was the great ingathering of souls, that the net increase of the year was a hundred souls. In 1829 he was appointed presiding elder of Lebanon district. This field of labor was very extensive, bounded on the north by the Maumee River, on the west by the Indiana line, on the east by the Scioto River, and reaching southward somewhat indefinitely. At that time Greenville was a small village, with a little wooden court-house, and not a Methodist in the town. Visiting Joseph A. Reeder's circuit at his first quarterly meeting, Mr. Wright stopped at an inn in Greenville and asked the proprietor if he thought the people would come out to hear preaching. The landlord thought *some* would very likely, and made an effort to notify the Greenville public accordingly. At the appointed hour the publican lighted one candle and took the lead to the appointed place of worship, where about twenty persons were assembled, whose faces were dimly visible by the light of the solitary tallow dip. Nothing daunted, however, by the unfavorable surroundings, the preacher dispensed the truth and went on his way, leaving the seed to germinate and grow.

After having served as presiding elder on Lebanon district for four years, Mr. Wright was, in May, 1832, elected Book Agent at Cincinnati. This very arduous and responsible position he filled ably and acceptably for twelve years, during which time the Cincinnati Book Concern grew from comparatively small beginnings into an immense business. At the General Conference of 1844, Mr. Wright was brought forward by his friends as a suitable person for the Episcopacy, and lacked very few votes of an election. For the highest office in the Church he possesses many of the best qualifications, and had he been elected, his administration would no doubt have been characterized by the wisdom, prudence, and sound judgment which have distinguished him in all his official relations.

From 1844 to the present time he has filled various appointments in his Conference, as that of presiding elder, pastor, agent of Wilberforce University, etc. On the breaking out of the wicked rebellion of some of the slaveholding States against the authority and Government of the United States, Mr. Wright was appointed Chaplain of the First Kentucky Regiment. Through all the severe campaign of the Union army in Western Virginia he accompanied it—ministering to the sick, wounded, and dying of



not only his own regiment, but also of others, which were without chaplains, or whose chaplains were absent. From Western Virginia he passed with the conquering army into Kentucky, and finally into Tennessee. Lately he has received from the President of the United States the appointment of Chaplain to the military hospitals in Cincinnati. To this appointment he was recommended by the leading men of the city without distinction of religious sect or political party. For this work he has eminent adaptation, and he has entered upon it with all the ardor and vigor of early manhood. The sick and wounded look up to him as to a father. They have not only his official care, but his deep and heart-felt Christian sympathy. His labor among them is eminently a labor of love.

The high estimation in which Mr. Wright is held by his ministerial brethren is shown by the great number of times he has occupied, by their suffrages, a seat in the General Conference. Seven times in succession they have elected him to represent them in part in that high ecclesiastical body, of which he was never a silent or unimportant member.

It is unnecessary to attempt an analysis of the character of a man so well known as the subject of this sketch. Few men have been honored with more important positions in the Church—no man ever discharged his duties more faithfully and conscientiously. The portrait which accompanies this paper is a faithful limning of the physical man, and will be welcomed in thousands of Methodist households where the name has long been known and loved. He looks none the less a patriarch in his uniform as chaplain, than in his ordinary ministerial costume. Having devoted the prime and vigor of his manhood to the founding of free, Christian institutions in the great North-West, it is beautiful, when those institutions are assailed, to see him standing forth in his old age for their defense.

#### THE PROMISED LAND.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

THERE shall be no more night

In that far clime of unimagined splendor;  
But there will be the sunset's fair delight,  
And the meek dawn, with vesture saintly white,  
And the soft twilight, beautiful and tender.  
But Night no more shall spread her darkening pinions;  
So saith the King of those serene dominions.

There shall be no more snow;

No drifting storms upon those valleys vernal  
No weary Winter days to come and go—  
But Summer shining in perpetual flow,  
On fields and forests fair with bloom eternal

No bitter winds with haunting sounds and lonely,  
No frost nor cold, but warmth and gladness only.

There shall be no more war;

No noise of violence and fierce disorders.  
The embattled strife and carnage we abhor—  
The woe and wrong our hearts are aching for  
Shall not be known in all those peaceful borders;  
But sweetly, in that holy habitation,  
With clasped hands shall nation walk with nation.

There shall be no more fears;

No disappointed hope—no vain endeavor—  
No dread of trials in the coming years—  
The Lamb of God shall wipe away all tears—  
We shall be done with sorrow then forever.  
Then shall his love be fully comprehended,  
And Death's long tyranny at last be ended.

Lord of those regions bright!

When hopes and joys around our path are thronging,  
We hardly see thee for their nearer light;  
But in the gloomy dark of sorrow's night

We look to thee with eyes of weary longing.  
Pity our weaknesses—our wanderings pardon!  
And lead us safe to thy celestial garden.

#### REVERIE.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

On the rough-wrought wooden pier,  
Lashed by billows half a year,  
Kissed by wavelets now more clear,  
While the wild bird flutters near,  
Sits our merry May.

Just a minute now for rest,  
She has run with eager zest,  
Far outstripping e'en the best,  
Eager, mirthful May.

Cheeks aglow—the goal is won,  
Yonder see the setting sun!  
Even May forgets her fun,  
And restrains the shout begun,  
Wild and thoughtless May.  
Golden pinnacles of light,  
Crimson banners on their hight,  
Floating wreaths of amber bright,  
These have silenced May.

Softens now the brilliant sky,  
And the purple shadows lie,  
On the sandy shore so high,  
Where the bending branches sigh—  
Sigh to thoughtless May.

Softer light the ripples take,  
Softer light infolds the lake,  
And the pulsing wavelets break  
Close by thinking May.

Grayer now the shadows fall,  
Silence broodeth over all,  
Night lets down her sable pall,  
Hears no more her playmate's call,  
Earnest, thoughtful May.

Silence claims this calm retreat,  
Only waves, with muffled beat,  
Crave a hearing at her feet,  
Merry, moodful May.

## TREES, TREES, TREES!

BY ISAAC SMUCKER.

"The groves were God's first temples."

## THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

HOW frequently trees are mentioned in the Scriptures! How very often reference is made to them by way of instruction, of parable, of illustration, of comparison!

We are told of the tree of Eden, which bore the "forbidden fruit," and of the trees among which Adam and Eve hid themselves from the presence of the Lord; also of the tree of Life in Paradise, which was protected by cherubim, who, with flaming sword, guarded every way thereto. We have also the parable of the "trees of the wood," and of the fig-tree.

The righteous are compared to "a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, and whose leaves also shall not wither." The Psalmist also represents the fruit of the righteous to be a "tree of life," while the wicked are said to spread themselves like a green bay-tree, but only to pass soon away, so that they could not be found. Another Scripture writer characterizes the wicked as "trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots." The righteous are represented as having "a right to the tree of life," and those that mourn in Zion are called "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord."

The Scriptures declare Judah and Israel to be dwelling safely, every man under his own vine and fig-tree, from Dan to Beersheba. Again, the stars of heaven are represented as falling unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind. The Psalmist represents the righteous as flourishing like a palm-tree, and growing like a cedar in Lebanon."

"And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw  
Their shadows at noon."

The prophet Amos speaks of the destruction of the Amorites, whose "height was like the height of the cedar, and whose strength was as the strength of the oaks."

"A glorious tree is the old gray oak  
Who has stood for a thousand years  
Like a king among his peers."

How very often the cedars of Lebanon are mentioned by the Bible writers! With what interest we read of the trees in the garden of Gethsemane, and of the olive-trees on Mount Olivet; and how tender the associations that cluster

around those sacred trees—those hallowed spots! How indissolubly are they associated by religion and truth, with the Redeemer's life, his sufferings, his agony and death!

"Sacred tree of Olivet! in thy branches lie  
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old  
Might e'er enshrine: I could not hear thee sigh  
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold  
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,  
Without high thoughts and solemn of that scene  
When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed—  
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,  
And angels, ministering in silent dread,  
Trembled perchance within thy trembling shade."

The prophet Jeremiah says that "the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is, is like a tree planted by the waters, that spreadeth out her roots by the river, whose leaf shall be green, and that shall not cease from yielding fruit." St. John the revelator speaks of "the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations." Also, "to him that overcometh," he writes, "will be given to eat of the tree of life, which is on either side of the river of life, in the paradise of God!" Such are a very few of the numerous Bible allusions to trees.

## THE BEAUTY OF AMERICAN TREES.

How enchanting the scenes presented in Spring by American fruit orchards, when seen, tastefully intermingled, in all their great varieties, indigenous and exotic! And our American forests, when clothed in vernal bloom and silvan beauty, are only equaled in splendor and gorgeousness by the wild dreams of Eastern romance! When the leaves and blossoms are bright in all the variegated hues of beauty, how magnificent the trees appear, thus arrayed in their flowery robes—how rich the exhibition of their splendid adornments—how brilliant their floral beauties!

In Summer, too, how beautiful, how grand the century-growing, heaven-reaching giants of the forest, of the numerous varieties, with their wide-spreading branches, heavily laden with their dark-green, exuberant foliage!

And in Autumn, "when the solar rays of the declining sun are gathering over field and forest, what gorgeous colors have been flung over the woodlands, crowning the hills that swell up and sweep away, blue and indistinct in the distance; with the hues that nature only can produce, bright and varied as those that overarch the heavens, when God hangs out upon the clouds that symbol of mercy and peace, the rainbow!" We may well become enraptured on viewing the beautiful dyes imprinted by Autumn on the

foliage of our American forests. "How rich the golden yellow of the linden—the bright red of the soft maple and the dogwood—the deep crimson of the sugar—the pale yellow of the elm—the brown of the oak and the beech, and the dark green of the towering evergreen family, all blended into one splendid picture of a thousand shades and shadows!"

"God of the forest's solemn shade!  
The grandeur of the lonely tree,  
That wrestles singly with the gale,  
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;  
But more majestic far they stand,  
When side by side their ranks they form,  
To wave on high their plumes of green,  
And fight their battles with the storm."

#### THE VALUE OF TREES.

However desirable trees may be for ornament, and valuable, as mere "things of beauty," they possess greater value to us for the purposes of fuel, furniture, ships, houses, and for the fruits they bear. All are aware of the extensive use made of cherry, walnut, maple, and other trees abounding in our own forests for the manufacture of furniture. Less is probably known of the mahogany-tree growing in the tropical climates of America, and of the rosewood-tree of Brazil, both being of large growth, very hard, and susceptible of a fine polish, and which are much used in the manufacture of our best cabinet furniture. The live-oak, growing in the southern portion of our country, is principally used in ship-building, because of its great durability. The value of trees for economical purposes is inestimable; and the bare allusion to the numerous berry-yielding, nut-producing, fruit-bearing trees, with which we are all familiar, is sufficient to suggest their immense value—not the least valuable of which are the sugar and maple, that have supplied us with so much of our sugar, an article of such extensive, universal use.

The orange-tree grows in the West India Islands and other warm climates, generally to the height of ten or twelve feet, and produces a well-known, delicious fruit. The cacao or chocolate-tree is also a native of the West Indies, and grows about twenty feet high, bearing pods which are oval and pointed. From the nuts of this tree chocolate is made. The nutmeg-tree grows principally in the islands of Banda, in the East Indies, and reaches the height of twenty or thirty feet, producing numerous branches, and supplies us with the nutmeg which is in such general use. The cinnamon-tree grows chiefly in the Island of Ceylon, and is, in size, about equal to the nutmeg-tree, and furnishes us with

the grateful aromatic of that name. The almond-tree is generally twelve or fourteen feet high, and is found in Spain, Southern Europe, and in the Levant. The banana-tree grows in all hot countries, principally within the tropics, where its fruit is said to form the principal article of food for a great portion of the inhabitants. Its height is usually about fifteen feet. The date palm-tree grows most luxuriantly in Persia, Palestine, and Northern Africa, and is one of the most valuable of trees, yielding annually great crops of fine rich fruit, which forms not only a large part of the food of the poor in those countries, but also a vast surplus for exportation. The date-tree has been known to reach the height of more than one hundred feet. The palm, or leaf of this tree, is an emblem of victory, and it was the branches of this tree that were strewed in the way, by the multitude, on the occasion of the Savior's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

The tea-tree of China, Japan, and Tonquin is so well known, furnishing as it does a beverage of almost universal use in all civilized countries, that it need only be named to obtain a general acknowledgment of its great value. The tea-tree of Paraguay, whose product is as much in general use and demand throughout all the provinces of La Plata, Chili, and many parts of Peru as the teas of China are elsewhere among civilized people. It is an evergreen, growing spontaneously in the dense forests of Paraguay, and is generally about ten feet high.

The coffee-tree grows in Arabia, Persia, Java, Brazil, the West India Islands, and in other warm climates of Asia and America. It will grow to the height of eighteen feet, but its growth, when cultivated, is generally limited to six or seven feet, for the convenience of gathering the fruit. The bread-fruit-tree grows on the islands of the Pacific. It is usually about the size of a large apple-tree, and produces a fruit of a round or oval shape, nearly as large as a small loaf of bread, which is eaten as food. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples, and when ripe it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant, and is the principal food of the natives.

"The bread tree which, without the plowshare, yields  
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,  
And bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace, in unpurchased groves,  
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,  
A priceless market for the gathering guest."

How bountiful the provisions of a beneficent Creator! How great would be our destitution had a benignant Providence given us no trees! Thanks be to God for trees!

## CURIOUS TREES.

The tallow-tree grows in the province of Canara, in India. It bears a fruit which, when boiled, is manufactured into candles, and which M. Bracconot says give as bright a light as tallow, and are free from unpleasant odor.

The tallipot-tree is a native of the Island of Ceylon, in the East Indies, and is remarkable on account of its leaves, which are of such a size as to cover ten men and keep them dry in a rain, and are moreover so very light as to admit of being carried by travelers from place to place, and used for huts.

Baron Humboldt found a tree in South America which produced milk, called the cow-tree, from which the surrounding inhabitants regularly obtained their supplies of that delicious liquid.

There is an enormous dragon-tree in the Island of Teneriffe, also described by Humboldt, who says it is forty-eight feet in circumference and sixty feet high, and that proof exists that it had attained to its present size in the fifteenth century. The trunk of this remarkable tree divides, at about twenty feet from the ground, into fourteen branches, which rise in the form of candelabra. Humboldt thinks that this tree is one of the oldest inhabitants of the globe—the species being of slow growth—and that a thousand years must have elapsed before it attained its maturity.

The banian-tree grows in the greatest perfection in Cochin China and India, and is a great curiosity. The branches, after they have extended themselves some distance from the trunk, shoot down toward the earth and take root, thus forming new stems or trunks, so that each tree does in fact form a complete grove. Strabo mentions the banana-tree as propagating as above described, till it became like a tent, supported by many columns. One tree in Bengal spread over a diameter of three hundred and seventy feet, supported by sixty branches that had taken root. One of these trees, says a late writer—Roswell C. Smith—on an island in the Nerbuddah River, near Baroach, has three thousand trunks of stems, many of them quite large, and the whole affording room for three thousand persons to repose under its shade—

"Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow  
About the mother-tree; a pillared shade,  
High overarched, with echoing walks between."

## AGE OF TREES.

Adanson and De Condolle, whose laborious and learned researches, and high character entitle their statements to great consideration, give the

following as the probable age of the trees named, being ascertained with as much exactness as historical date on the principles which have been derived from the actual admeasurement and counting the circles of trees of like kind afford:

A date-tree in Egypt.....	Age 300 years.
Apricot-tree in Damascus.....	" 324 "
An elm-tree in America.....	" 235 "
A red-oak of Mount Etna.....	" 400 "
A walnut-tree of Baalbec.....	" 400 "
An almond-tree of Damascus.....	" 640 "
A fig-tree in Damascus.....	" 648 "
An olive-tree in Palestine.....	" 719 "
A fig-tree of Palestine.....	" 780 "
An oak-tree on Grave Creek Mound....	" 800 "
An olive-tree of Asia Minor.....	" 850 "
A live-oak in Louisiana.....	" 1,000 "
A sycamore or plane-tree in Palestine....	" 1,050 "
An oak on ancient works in Ohio.....	" 1,050 "
Yew-trees of Fountain Abbey, England....	" 1,200 "
Yew-trees in Surrey, England.....	" 1,400 "
A sycamore of Heliopolis.....	" 1,805 "
A cedar-tree of Mount Lebanon.....	" 1,824 "
A peletin—terebinthus—of Asia Minor....	" 1,890 "
A cedar-tree of Mount Lebanon.....	" 2,112 "
A yew-tree of Fotheringall, Scotland....	" 2,500 "
A chestnut-tree of Mount Etna.....	" 3,660 "
A yew-tree of Braburn in Kent, Eng....	" 3,000 "
Some of the mammoth trees of California..	" 3,000 "
A dragon-tree of the Island of Teneriffe..	" 3,500 "
A baobab-tree in Africa.....	" 3,800 "
A cypress-tree—taxodium—in Mexico....	" 4,000 "

"How few and fleeting do our short days appear, when we think of these medals of distant ages! How fitly, and with what a salutary appeal to the heart are they planted around a family home, to link one generation of those who dwell there with another, for hundreds and thousands of years! How beautiful, how appropriate, how easily adapted to our wishes and made to utter their solemn, their soothing, their impressive lessons according to our will, are these materials that God hath provided, wherewith to erect for ourselves a living monument.

## MAMMOTH TREES.

Our pioneer fathers found a hollow sycamore-tree in the Scioto Valley, with a large opening on one side, which was so large as to afford shelter, during a rain-storm, to four mounted men and their horses, having a circumference of nearly forty feet.

The cypress-tree—taxodium—in Mexico, is described as one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches in circumference! What might, majesty, power are represented by this brave old cypress! Hoary with millennial years, he stands, in all the majesty of his strength,

"Like some rude tower of old,  
With massive trunk and rugged form,  
And limbs of giant mold."

There is a large grove of mammoth trees—sequoia gigantea—in Calaveras county, California, which range in circumference between sixty feet



and ninety-three feet, and many of them have reached the enormous height of more than three hundred feet!

There is a similar grove in Mariposa county, California, on a plateau five thousand feet above the sea. There are more than six hundred of these giant trees within less than one mile square, a number of which are one hundred feet and upward in circumference and three hundred feet high, seeming almost like props supporting the vault of heaven. One of these trees has been burnt out and is sufficiently capacious to lodge twenty-three men. The greatest circumference of any of these *living* trees is one hundred and two feet, and the greatest height is three hundred and twenty-seven feet; but the ruins of one now lie on the ground, in this grove, which was more than four hundred feet in height!

"Father, thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees. They in thy suns  
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches; till at last they stood,  
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,  
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold  
Communion with his Maker."

#### A GIGANTIC PETRIFIED TREE.

One of the most astonishing trees of which the annals of the world furnish any account, is found lying on the ground near Honey Lake, on a slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California. It is a petrified cedar-tree, having a diameter of forty-two feet at the but, or a circumference of one hundred and thirty feet, and is six hundred and sixty feet in length to the point where its diameter is four feet. The remaining portion of this monster tree is covered with sand, and has, therefore, never been measured in its entire length; but if it maintains its symmetrical proportions to the top, as it probably does, forty or fifty feet of it must be hidden in the earth—thus making its entire length more than seven hundred feet!

What a monster tree to be reared from a single seed or sprout, and then turned to solid stone! "Is the Greek fable of Proteus, who changed from shape to escape his pursuers, a mere fantasy? And the conception of the Medusa's head—how does it read by the side of this solid tree upon which the Gorgon face of nature has been turned?" Under the action of the oft-returning centennial cycles, this monarch tree of the forest has become almost snow-white. O could this dumb stone-tree only relate to us his

history, how gratefully would we receive, over the lofty swells of the Sierra, the story of his lives—vegetable and mineral! He would tell us whether the infancy of his vegetable life pertained to the Noachic, Abrahamic, or Homeric period—whether the whole of his mineral life belongs to the Christian centuries, or whether we must write B. C. to the infancy of his stone-life or not. This noble patriarchal occupant of the Sierra heights could tell, perhaps, if endowed with speech, of being in his infancy at the time of the dispersion on the Plains of Shinar, or when the shepherd kings effected the conquest of Egypt—of having reached his heyday season of childhood when the Olympic games were instituted—when Æneas was flying from burning Troy—when Theseus was ruler in Greece—when David was dancing before the ark, or Solomon was dedicating the Temple; of passing through the period of youth while the foundations of Rome were being laid—while Pericles was astounding Athenian assemblies by his eloquent harangues—while Socrates was drinking the fatal hemlock! He might, perchance, tell us of being in vigorous maturity during the Punic Wars, and when Cicero obtained the glorious title of Pater Patriæ for detecting the conspiracy of Catiline against the Commonwealth—when Cæsar was crossing the Rubicon, and when Brutus became his assassin, and Antony declaimed over his dead body. Peradventure we might learn from him that he had reached the old age of his vegetable existence and was passing into the infancy of his mineral life, while the angel choirs were announcing the Redeemer's advent to shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem—while the Savior was preaching through the "hill country of Judea" the acceptable year of the Lord, and atoning for the sins of a fallen world upon the cross; and that he has been a giant stone-tree throughout all the intervening centuries to the present epoch! Most certain it is that he antedates, in wood or stone, the destruction of the Holy City and Temple by Titus—that he was cotemporary with the first Christian emperor of Rome, and of the imperial Charlemagne—that he had reached his meridian before the time of the great Hildebrand, the Norman conquest, and the Crusades, and that he had passed into the period of his old age before the world emerged from the gloom of the dark ages—before Luther enunciated his Theses, or the bard of Avon was known as the great poet of nature—before the Puritans of Cromwell were led to victory, or Milton sang of a lost Paradise.

There is no reason to doubt the age of this monster tree as above suggested; and who does not feel that it is one of the most remarkable

exhibitions of Nature's mighty works! How grand! how majestic! Upon what a magnificent, gigantic scale are the operations of Nature conducted on these far-off western mountain heights! What a monument of the immensity of Nature's operations does this gigantic tree present! And how curious the processes wrought in Nature's alembic which converted this mighty cedar into solid stone—that changed this giant of the vegetable kingdom into mineral!

O Lord! how marvelous are thy works—in wisdom hast thou made them all!

—○○○○—

### PICTURES FROM THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BY REV. B. F. CHARY, D. D.

#### GENERAL BONAPARTE.

BONAPARTE, as we have just said, had been promoted to the rank of general of artillery in the army of Nice, as a reward for services rendered to the Republic before Toulon. It was there that he became intimate with Robespierre the younger, who was representative of the people in that army. Recalled to Paris some time before the 9th Thermidor—28th July—the latter did all that he could to induce the young general to follow him, promising him the direct protection of his brother; but Bonaparte steadfastly declined: the time had not yet come for him to take part.

While this was going on the representatives of the people with the army of Italy made the following order:

"General Bonaparte will repair to Genoa to confer conjointly with the Charge d'Affaires of the French Republic, with the Government of Genoa on the subject contained in his instructions.

"The Charge d'Affaires to the Republic of Genoa will introduce him to the Government of Genoa.

*"Loand, 25th Messidor, [July 14th.] 2d year of the Republic."*

The true object of that mission was to enable the young general to see for himself the fortresses of Savonne and Genoa, and to give him the means of gaining all possible information concerning the artillery and other military matters, and to collect all the facts that could disclose the intentions of the Genoese Government relative to the coalition. While Bonaparte accomplished that mission, Robespierre went to the scaffold; the terrorist deputies were succeeded by Albitte and Salicetti. Their arrival at Barcelonnette was signalized by the following order. It was the reward which awaited Bonaparte on his return:

"The representatives of the people with the army of the Alps and of Italy: Since General Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of artillery of the army of Italy, has totally lost their confidence by most suspicious conduct, and especially by the journey which he has lately made to Genoa, order as follows:

"Brigadier-General Bonaparte, commander-in-chief of the artillery of the army of Italy, is provisionally suspended from his functions. The commander-in-chief of said army will take care and be responsible for his arrest, and will send him to the committee of public safety in Paris under a good and sure escort. Seals will be affixed to all of his papers and effects, of which an inventory will be made by the commissioners, who will be nominated by the representatives of the people, Salicetti and Albetti, and all the said papers which are found to be suspicious will be sent to the committee of public safety.

"Done at Barcelonnette, 19th Thermidor, [7th August.] 2d year of the French Republic, one, indivisible, and democratic.

"Signed, ALBETTI, SALICETTI, LAPORTE.

"An exact copy.

*"General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.*

*"DAMERBION."*

The order was executed; Bonaparte taken to the prison of Nice, remained there fourteen days, after which, by a second order of the same men, he was conditionally set at liberty.

Bonaparte escaped danger but to fall into disgust. The events of Thermidor had led to a reorganization of the committees of the convention. An old captain of the name of Aubry was intrusted with the war department, and made a new division of the army, in which he himself assumed the post of general of artillery: to Bonaparte was given the grade of general of infantry in La Vepdée, in exchange for the rank of which he was deprived. Bonaparte, who thought a civil war in one corner of France too narrow a theater, refused to go to his post, and was, by order of the committee of public safety, stricken from the list of general officers on duty.

Bonaparte already believed himself too necessary to France not to be profoundly struck with such injustice; meanwhile he had not arrived at one of those summits of life where he could see all the horizon around him. He had hopes, it is true, but not yet certainties.

These hopes were broken. He thought that he, inspired by genius and destined to a splendid future, was condemned to a long, if not eternal activity, and that, too, an epoch where every one was running for the goal.

He hired, conditionally, a room in a hotel of the street *du Mail*, sold for six thousand francs his horses and carriage, gathered the small amount of money of which he found himself the possessor, and resolved to retire to the country.

Exalted imaginations bound from extremes to extremes. Exiled from the camps Bonaparte could see nothing more desirable than a rural life; not able to be Cæsar, he would be Cincinnatus.

At this time he returned to Valencia, where he had passed three years so obscurely and so happily, and from that place he directed his researches, accompanied by his brother Joseph, who was returning to Marseilles.

In passing Montelimart the two travelers stopped. Bonaparte found the site and the climate of the town to suit him, and asked if there was in the vicinity any property for sale at a small price.

He was directed to M. Grasson, an attorney, with whom he made an appointment for the next day. Bonaparte was induced to visit a small country seat called Beausseret, and of which the name alone, in the Patois of the country, signifies an agreeable situation. Bonaparte and Joseph visited this place; it seemed in all points to suit them. They fear only, in seeing its extent and its good state of preservation, that the price will be too high. They venture to ask—thirty thousand francs; that is nothing.

Bonaparte and Joseph return to Montelimart consulting about the matter. Their little fortune united will permit them to consecrate that sum to the acquisition of their hermitage. They take lodgings for two days; they determine to stop there, so much are they pleased with Beausseret. M. Grasson accompanied them again. They visited the property more in detail than the first time. At last Bonaparte, astonished that one should give such a charming country seat for so small a sum, asked if there was any secret cause for making the price so low.

"Yes," replied M. Grasson, "but it is without any importance to you."

"Nevertheless," said Bonaparte, "I would like to know it."

"There was an assassination committed here."

"And by whom?"

"By a son on his father."

"A parricide!" cried Bonaparte, becoming paler than usual. "Joseph, let us go." And seizing his brother by the arm he hurried out of the apartments, mounted his chaise, and arriving at Montelimart demanded post-horses and departed instantly for Paris, while Joseph continued his journey to Marseilles, there to marry the daughter of a rich merchant named Clary, who afterward became the father-in-law of Bernadotte.

As to Bonaparte, driven another time by destiny toward Paris, that grand center of grand

events, he betook himself to that obscure and hidden life which weighed upon him so heavily. At that time, unable to support his inaction, he addressed a note to the Government, in which he explained that it was the interest of France to do all she could to increase the military power of Turkey, since the Empress of Russia had just confirmed her alliance with Austria. To effect this he offered himself to the Government to pass to Constantinople, with six or seven officers of different corps, who would be able to train, in military science, the numerous and brave, but unwarlike militia of the Sultan. The Government did not deign even to reply to that note, and Bonaparte remained at Paris. What would have happened to the world if a clerk had placed under that request the word *accordé*? God only knows. In the mean time the constitution of the third year of the Republic had been adopted.

The legislators who had drawn it up had provided that two-thirds of the members who compose the National Convention should constitute a part of the new legislative corps.

This was the downfall of the hopes of the opposition, who thought that by an entirely new election there would be the introduction of a new majority representing its opinions. This opposition, too, was sustained by the sections of Paris, who declared that they would not accept the constitution unless the provision requiring the election of two-thirds of the Convention was annulled. The Convention maintained the decree in its integrity: the sections began to murmur. On the 25th of September some precursory troubles manifested themselves. Finally on the 4th of October—12 Vendémiaire—the danger became so pressing that the Convention thought that it was time to begin seriously its work. Consequently it addressed to General Alexander Dumas, commander-in-chief of the army of the Alps, and then on furlough, the following letter, the brevity of which demonstrated its urgency:

"General Alexander Dumas will report himself immediately in Paris to take command of the forces of the army."

The order of the Convention was borne to the Hotel Mirabeau, but General Dumas had gone away three days before to Villers-Colerets, where he received the letter on the 13th in the morning. During this time the danger increased from hour to hour. It was impossible to await for the arrival of him for whom they had sent; consequently, during the night the representative of the people, Barras, was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of the interior. An adjutant was necessary—he cast his eyes on

Bonaparte. Destiny, as we see, had cleared his way; that hour of fate, which they say sounds once in the life of every man, had come for him. The cannon of the 13th Vendemiaire resounded in the capital.

The sections, whom he had just destroyed, gave him the name of *Mitrailleur*—grape-shooter; and the Convention which he had just saved, the title of general-in-chief of the army of Italy.

But that great day not only influenced the political life of Bonaparte—his private life depended upon it, and was controlled by it. The disarming of the sections operated with a rigor, which the circumstances demanded. When, one day, a child ten or twelve years of age presented himself to General Bonaparte's headquarters, begging that the sword of his father, who had been a general of the Republic, might be restored, Bonaparte, touched with the request and the juvenile grace with which it was made, ordered search to be made for the sword, and when it was found gave it back to him. The child at the sight of the sacred arm, which he believed lost, weeping, kissed the hilt which the fraternal hand had so often touched. The General was affected by this filial love, and manifested so much kindness to the child that his mother felt herself obliged to come the next day to render him thanks.

That child was Eugene, and the mother Josephine.

On the 21st of March, 1796, Bonaparte left for the army of Italy, bearing in his carriage two thousand Louis d'or. It was all that he had been able to collect, by uniting to his own fortune that of his friends and the subsidies of the Directory. With that sum he set out to conquer Italy. It was seven times less than Alexander bore when marching to conquer India.

On arriving at Nice he found an army without discipline, without munitions, without provisions, without clothes. As soon as he was at headquarters he distributed to the generals, to aid them in entering the campaign, the sum of four Louis; then pointing to Italy he said to the soldiers: "Comrades, you need every thing in the midst of these rocks. Cast your eyes on the rich plains which spread out at your feet; they belong to us; let us go and take them."

It was about the speech which Hannibal had made to his soldiers nineteen centuries before; and for nineteen hundred years there had been but a single man worthy to be compared to these—that was Cæsar.

The soldiers to whom Bonaparte addressed these words were the remains of an army which, for two years, had remained amid sterile rocks

painfully holding themselves on the defensive, and who had before them two hundred thousand men of the best troops in Europe, from the Empire and Piedmont. Bonaparte attacked that mass with scarcely thirty thousand men, and in eleven days he beat it five times, at Montenotte, at Millesimo, at Dego, at Vico, at Mondovi. Then opening the gates of cities with one hand, while he gained battles with the other, he seized the fortresses of Coni, Tortone, Alexandria, and Ceva. In eleven days the Austrians were separated from the Piedmontese; Provera was taken, and the King of Sardinia obliged to sign a capitulation in his own capital. Then Bonaparte advanced to Upper Italy, and divining the success to come by the past, he wrote to the Directory:

"To-morrow I march on Beaulien. I shall oblige him to repass the Po. I will cross immediately after him; will seize Lombardy, and before a month I hope to be in the mountains of the Tyrol, make a junction with the army of the Rhine, and with it to carry the war into Bavaria."

Beaulien is pursued; he turns back in vain to dispute the passage of the Po. The passage is effected: he places himself under shelter behind the walls of Lodi; a combat of three hours chases him from it. He draws up in battle array on the left bank of the Adda, defending with all his artillery the passage of the bridge, which he has not had time to destroy. The French army, in serried column, precipitates itself upon the bridge, overturns all that opposes its progress, scatters the Austrian army, and continues its march on the way over its body.

Then Pavia submits, Pizzighitone and Cremona falls, the Castle of Milan opens its gates, the King of Sardinia signs a treaty of peace, the Dukes of Parma and Modena follow his example, and Beaulien has only time to shut himself up in Mantua.

It was in that treaty with the Duke of Modena that Bonaparte gave the first proof of his disinterestedness in refusing four millions in gold, which the commander of Est offered him in the name of his brother, and which Salicetti, commissary of the Government near the army, pressed him to accept. It was in this campaign that he received the popular name, which in 1815 opened to him the gates of France. Behold the occasion! His youth, when he came to take command of the army, had excited some astonishment in the minds of the old soldiers, so much so that they resolved to confer on him themselves the inferior titles with which it seemed to them the Government had dispensed; consequently, they united, after each battle, in giving him a title, and when he entered the camp he



was received by the oldest soldiers, who saluted him by his new title. It was thus that he was made corporal at Lodi; hence the surname *little corporal*, which remained always with Napoleon.

In the mean time Bonaparte halted but for an instant, and in that halt envy attacked him. The Directory, who had seen in the correspondence of a soldier the revelation of a statesman, feared that the conqueror would constitute himself the arbiter of Italy, and prepared to unite Kellerman with him in command. Bonaparte learned it and wrote: "To unite Kellerman with me is to wish every thing lost. I can not willingly serve with a man who believes himself the best tactician of Europe; besides, I believe that one bad general is worth more than two good ones. War is like government—a matter of tact."

#### THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

"They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

GENIUS seems to be something which requires from its possessor the greatest possible sacrifice. It is a gift which Nature bestows but rarely on her children; and when she does, she frequently withdraws all other blessings. The heart endowed with this inestimable treasure must too often beat to the measure of sadness; and the spirit lighted by this divine fire must too often bend to the burden of woe.

Of the many brilliant characters who, meteor-like, have illumined the world, few have tasted the real sweets of existence or known the enjoyments commonly meted out to humbler individuals. 'T is true, *genius* creates a world of its own, where it reigns and rules with unlimited power; but the heart is so constituted that fairy pleasures of this ideal world will not long satisfy its cravings. For a time it may roam in the regions of fancy and revel in the delights of imagination; but it will return from its wanderings like a wearied bird from a long flight, and seek a repose in the resting-place of earth. The greatest minds that can exist are but a mixed essence—"half dust, half deity."

Sometimes, guided and governed by the diviner portion of their nature, they soar away into the loftiest realms of thought, and, like the lark, breathe out their soul's music at the very portals of heaven. But, alas! the meaner impulses of humanity soon lure them back to earth to seek, amid its lowly scenes, humbler and less holy joys. Thus, with a strange inconsistency

of character, the gifted oftentimes turn from their ennobling visions and pursuits to fix every thought and every hope upon some frail and fleeting treasure of the heart, which, if perchance they lose, they mourn with a bitterness peculiar to the inspired and elevated soul.

But it is well, perhaps, that sensitive minds have the foible—if foible it be—of clinging too fondly to earthly blessings, and mourning too deeply over their loss; for many a noble spirit would else slumber on unconscious of its power, and many a heart beat to its latest day, ignorant of the inestimable jewel it enshrined. *Adversity* is the ordeal which tests the intrinsic qualities of the mind, and renders all its shining properties more brilliant and pure. Genius, which sometimes sleeps forgetful of its high destiny, is ever awakened by the touch of sorrow, and guided by the same power to the performance of its glorious tasks.

From the earliest periods of the world there have been many instances recorded of the influence *misfortune* has had in awakening the energies of the human mind. This seems to be particularly the case with regard to the worshippers of the muse. With many of the greatest poets who have ever existed *grief*, in some shape or other, has been the hidden but powerful agency that urged them on to fame. Let us look for a moment at the lives of some of these and see if this be not true.

Dante, the brightest luminary in the heaven of Italian poetry, furnishes an example. His heart was early touched by the rude hand of sorrow, and the response was a strain of music that will linger on earth forever! In his boyish days he fixed his affections on the fair Beatrice, whose name he has rendered as immortal as his works. That love colored his whole existence, for death snatched his beautiful away in the Spring-time of her loveliness, and the poet was ever after a mourner for her loss. But he bewailed her not with tears—his imperishable lays were the offerings he laid upon her tomb; and though she had gone to the grave she was recalled again to life, to dwell forever in the fairy and beautiful world of her boy-lover's sublime poetry. Her memory became the spirit of his inspiration—the subject of his daily thoughts, and the star of his after-life. His imagination invested the loved and lost one with the attributes of divinity, and this apotheosis was approved by the world. Not only in his own mind, but in the minds of all who bend over his glowing pages, she became an immortal goddess—the holy and beautiful spirit of his works! Dante had other troubles besides the loss of his early love. The party to which he had attached himself, and with which he had

performed many a good deed for his country, was conquered by an opposing power, and the poet was stripped of the honors he had gained, banished from his native city, and condemned, if he ventured within its bounds, to an ignominious and fearful death. Thus deprived of domestic happiness, deserted by fortune, and doomed to wander an exile from his native city, his "beloved and beautiful Florence," he sought in his divine art that consolation denied by every thing else, and gave his undivided soul to the spirit of poesy. It was then that he produced works which surpassed the promise of his happier years, and won for him the unfading chaplet of fame.

Milton, the bard of high and holy themes, is another example. While the light of prosperity beamed around him his mind, though towering high above its fellows, took not that eagle flight into the regions of thought that it did in after-years of gloom. When misfortune came upon him in many forms; when his house was desolated by repeated losses and darkened by repeated troubles; when infirmity, sickness, and blindness showered their accumulated evils upon his devoted head, his genius then shook off all earthly trammels and soared to an amazing and unequalled height. When the visible world, with all its beauties, was forever shut out from his view, his mental vision lifted itself from earth and sought the glories of heaven. That a glimpse of those blessed regions was granted to his view we may not doubt, for the light that beams upon his page is surely a ray from celestial worlds, and the holy strains that vibrate from his lyre are surely borrowed from the harmony of an angel choir!

Another, and a melancholy example, is found in the singular career of Byron. His first lesson in the school of adversity was the knowledge of a personal defect, which, slight as it was, engendered a morbid sensibility that was near akin to grief. This first taught him to rely on the resources of his mind, and to plume his spirit for a flight into the realms of poetry. But not till he was assailed by criticism, and his haughty spirit withered beneath the lash of sarcastic reproof, did the Promethean spark that slumbered in his soul kindle into a flame of startling and scorching brilliancy. But even then the deepest fountain of poetic feeling was unruffled and unawakened, till a colder and keener blast of sorrow swept over its surface. Not till his home was deserted, his hearth desolate, and his heart the ruined receptacle of blighted hopes and buried joys did he breathe forth that music which awed and enchanted the world. When friends forsook and kindred frowned; when

when the deep, passionate love of his noble but erring nature was cast back upon his aching heart; when the cup of life had lost every sweet, then did he strike the lyre with magic power and produce that melody which resounds in every land, and awakens an echo in every heart.

Shelley, the deeply-erring but highly-gifted child of song, is also an example. He, too, was early taught in the severe school of affliction, and his otherwise tender and gentle nature borrowed from grief a strength and elevation of thought which gave his words at once a character beautiful and sublime. With a heart warmed with the kindest feelings, a soul alive to the purest sentiments, and a mind imbued with the true spirit of genius, he was indeed worthy to be loved and admired in life, and honored and lamented in death. But, alas! he had a dangerous and, as many thought, a demoralizing belief, which caused him to be frowned upon by the good and persecuted by the bad, till he who loved all living things, and who would not harm the lowliest of God's creatures, was looked upon as a monster of guilt and wickedness. Had the mistaken and misguided world granted him that clemency which his sensitive and gentle nature required and deserved, might he not have been won from the erring creed into which he had fallen to a better and juster view of Divine things? His false belief was the only shadow which rested upon the brightness and beauty of his character, and that was a fault to be punished by his Creator and not by his fellow-men. None but the all-seeing Eye could penetrate the depths of that strangely-constituted heart and learn what was in truth its feelings and belief; and none but the Being of infinite wisdom was fitted to pass judgment upon the errors he alone could understand. Do we turn from the light and warmth of the sun, and despise its genial influence because there are spots upon its surface? No, we forget the shadow that rests upon its brightness, and reverence with cheerful hearts its cheering and life-giving power. Thus should the world have forgotten the blemishes that was thought to sully the character of Shelley, and remembered only the better and brighter attributes of his heart. But instead of this, he was censured by those who mistook his principles, and condemned by those who knew him not. Banished from the society he was fitted to adorn, deserted by fortune, whose favors his genius should have won, and depressed by bodily pain and sickness, he was well prepared to "teach in song" what he had learned in suffering, and to decorate his lays with the gems of thought which he had gathered from the stormy waves of grief. Weary of scenes where he had known but care and sorrow, and sick of the world that

"Hatred's shafts flew thick and fast;"

had used him so ill, he retired, with one fond and faithful friend, to a calm retreat in a brighter and more genial clime. There, with her whom he so beautifully styles his "own heart's home," he passed his few remaining days, and devoted his mind to the pursuits he loved. There, beneath the bright sky and balmy atmosphere—amid the breath of flowers and the music of the gently-murmuring Mediterranean, he gathered those bright fancies and beautiful images which are the true attributes of poesy, and which constitute its greatest charm. There he wooed and worshiped the muse, who disdained not to lavish upon her zealous votary her highest and most precious favors; and there he penned those productions which will be admired so long as one spark of poetic feeling lingers in human hearts—productions which the world will yet learn to read, as a skillful flower-gatherer would cull his fragrant treasures from a wild and luxurious garden, selecting only those which are beautiful in hue and grateful in perfume; and loving them not the less that they grow amid rank and pernicious weeds. Ages may pass away before the works of this poet are fairly and fully appreciated; but so surely as the morning sun dispels the shadows of night, the step of advancing time will dissolve the mist of prejudice that now lingers around his name.

Felicia Hemans, "the sweet song-bird of England," also claims attention. And here it may be as well to remark that to woman, in particular, the endowments of genius have too often been an inheritance of pain. Her heart is peculiarly fitted for love—so formed and fashioned for all the pure and gentle delights of affection that nothing else can offer it the same amount of happiness; and genius, though it may win many other things besides—admiration, praise, friends, fame, and fortune, it can never by its own power subdue that master passion to its will. This is the reason why women of splendid abilities have so often turned from the plaudits of a multitude and sighed for the lot of some lowly but well-loved maiden. Thus Sappho, whose lays, rich and glowing as her own sunny clime, had won for her such wealth of fame, cast away or counted as naught all the honors she had gained, and destroyed herself because she could not command the love of one coveted heart. Thus Prosperzia Rossi, the celebrated female sculptor of Bologna, slighted and despised the lofty triumphs acquired by her art, and died in consequence of an unrequited attachment. Thus Madame de Stael, with her great endowments of mind, was heard to say she would willingly resign all her shining talents, and all the undying fame they had brought her, for the poor and perishing gift of personal beauty.

And thus highly-gifted women, in all ages of the world, have generally been the least successful in the pursuit of happiness. But like illustrious men, they travel with a surer step to fame when their way lies over rugged and lovely scenes. Adversity is to their hearts what a stormy blast is to a bed of flowers—it may bend and bruise, and sometimes break the fragile things, but it is sure to call out all the sweet and delicate perfume that lies hidden in their depths!

Mrs. Hemans is a striking proof that

"That strength is born  
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,"

and her tuneful lays tell us that her mind must have been tried in the fiery ordeal of woe ere it could have produced such pure and unalloyed treasures. We know not the exact motive of her griefs, yet we feel that she suffered much, for we hear in every tone of the sacred melody she awakens the voice of a sorrowful though resigned spirit. In all her productions there is the evidence of a heart formed for happiness and deserving the highest allotment of earthly bliss, and yet how different was her lot! How peculiarly sad her fate! We have only to listen to a few strains of her heart-touching music to know that her path was ever darkened by

"A shadow-tinging thought  
With hues too deep for joy."

Her songs are like the murmurs of the ocean shell, pining for its lost home; or like the warblings of the prisoned bird, mourning for its native heaven. Her poetry hallows every thing it touches with beauty, but it is the pensive and almost painful beauty of an Autumn landscape. One of the clouds, and, of course, one of the darkest that ever lowered upon her spirit, was the estrangement of her husband and their consequent separation. Such a trial would almost wring the heart-blood from any female heart; then how severely must it have tortured one so sensitive, so gentle, so loving as hers? It was after this painful event, when her beloved children were worse than fatherless and she more wretched than a widow, that she wedded her soul to the muse, and became the enchantress of the world. Then, when the sun of happiness had set forever—when earthly hopes were all blighted and earthly aspirations all forgotten—the efforts of her genius acquired a character more lofty and lovely, and her music caught a "wandering breath of that high melody, whose source is in heaven and whose vibrations are eternal."

These are only a few of the many examples that could be given to show the beneficial influence which misfortune sometimes exercises over

the human heart; and now the question arises, whether these gifted beings would have attained the same degree of excellence in their vocation if their respective careers had not been so strikingly marked by the desolating effects of grief. It appears that they would not, for we have seen that not one of these persons gave the entire energies of their mind to the divinity they worshiped till the ties which bound them to earth and its enjoyments were nearly all severed. Thus they merited and obtained the loftiest triumphs of their art. This will induce us to believe, what is really the case, that as the stars of heaven are only visible in the season of darkness, the best and brightest attributes of humanity are unseen and unknown till the hour of gloom. The pages of history are replete with instances which prove this fact, for we there learn that it has ever been in disordered and dangerous eras of time that the master-spirits of the world have arisen to perform their glorious deeds. As in the actual world, it is even from lands startled by the loudest din of war, that the voice of heroism peals forth its loudest tones, so in the moral universe, it is even from hearts shaken by the severest storm of grief that the voice of poesy pours forth its highest and holiest strains. Were it not so, we might be disposed to imagine that the gifted in all ages of the world have been too severely tried; but as it is we almost feel that "He who ordereth all things aright," has in this particular also manifested the unerring wisdom of his ways.

#### LITTLE BESSIE.

BY MARGARET L. LINDSAY.

O LITTLE, darling, dimpled feet,  
To tread life's path you've just begun,  
What rough and thorny ways you'll meet,  
Ere you can say "the race is won!"

What tears will fill those hazel eyes,  
What lines of care will mark that brow,  
What bitter, heart-felt sighs will rise  
From heart that knows no sorrow now!

O pretty, precious, little one,  
Could I but take you in my arms  
And wrap you up, all soft and warm,  
Shielding you there from rude alarms,

From foes without, and foes within—  
For worse than all seem these to me—  
From every thing that should be sin,  
How proud and happy would I be!

But no, alone life's path we try,  
Though it be lonely, dark, and drear;  
"Alone!" dear child. "Alone!" say I;  
No, not alone, our Savior's near.

#### COLUMBIA.

BY MRS. A. M. ANDERSON.

HARP of Columbia, proudly wake—  
Sweet lyre of freedom, loose thy strings,  
Till all thy hills and valleys shake,  
And all the broad, blue welkin rings;  
Atlantic's solemn, surging moan,  
Pacific's blue, responsive lee,  
Blend in majestic baritone,  
To swell the pæan of the free.

CHORUS: Wake, wake, wake,  
Unloose thy trembling strings,  
Sweet lyre of Liberty,  
Till all the broad, blue welkin rings  
The pæan of the free.

Afloat from our White Mountain steeps,  
And o'er Nevada's golden chains,  
The ensign of our glory sweeps,  
The eagle of our country reigns;  
Proud bird, bright stripes, and stars of flame!  
At home the guerdon of the brave—  
Blest ægis of our country's name,  
By every shore, on every wave.

CHORUS: Wake, etc.

Great God! who hast our prowess led,  
Still may our white sails cloud the seas;  
Our girdling banner still o'erspread  
Our mountains, rivers, lakes, and leas;  
Undimmed its loved stars shining o'er,  
On Ashland and on Marshfield rest—  
Our eagle-warder, guard the shore  
That keeps the sod of Vernon's breast.

CHORUS: Wake, wake, wake, etc.

#### TO ANNIE.

BY JOHN N. IRISH.

SWEET pilgrim, if ever the brightness  
Should fade from thy passionless skies,  
And all thy heart-callsings for Friendship  
Elicit but sullen replies;  
The prize that thy efforts are winning,  
Should it never be wholly thy own,  
And near ones and dear ones earth-weary  
Have left thee to struggle alone:

If ever thy footsteps should falter  
In climbing life's difficult hills,  
And all thy worn spirit be longing  
For the cold, silent current that chills,  
Remember the Being who loves thee,  
With a love that is "better than wine;"  
Reflect that beyond the dull shadows  
Shines a light that shall never decline.

There's balm for woe-wounded immortals,  
Rich draughts for the thirsty of souls;  
Love died not when Eden's leaves withered;  
It spans the weird midnights that roll  
Their mystical burdens upon us;  
Peace pipes from earth-clouds evermore;  
A calmness, unbroken forever,  
Awaits when the battle is o'er.



THE BIBLE OF THE BASTILE.  
FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX BUNGENER.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

BUT Julian was already beyond these pictures; he had changed them into a lamentable allegory. The captive was himself, but not in the walls of the Bastille: did he ever remember that he was there? It was he, the eager soul, the energetic mind, inclosed in this world in the midst of obscurities, to be dashing at each step against some impassable barrier. It was he, renouncing his last hopes; it was he, not thinking but to doubt, not feeling but to suffer, not sleeping for a few moments but to find in waking the chain heavier and shorter. It was he, turning in the same circle like the prisoner in his prison, like the animal in his cage. It was he, ignorant of the fate of those whom he saw no more on this earth, and not even knowing whether he ought to believe them far or near, living or dead. It was he, condemned to go out only by death of this earthly prison, and to find, perhaps, in place of another sun the eternal night of nothingness. And not to have after all between the sun and one's self but the good pleasure of a single being! And to say and to repeat to one's self during a whole life that that being could have with a word spared us these devouring struggles; and to know him happy, eternally happy, while we fed upon our miseries; and— But Julian paused; he was afraid of blaspheming if he accused God of being pleased to surround us with darkness, and he feared if he invoked him to invoke only a word.

Two days had passed in these thoughts when Julian suddenly recollected the hiding-place that he had been told by Mirabeau he should find in his room near the door behind a stone.

He looked for it. All the stones seemed exactly joined together. No one rendered a hollower sound than the others. The wall was covered with inscriptions—inscriptions of every kind. Resignation, despair, faith, incredulity, love, hate had marked their passage under these vaults. But the names were every-where effaced; the prisoner must know nothing of his predecessors but their sufferings. The dates had also disappeared, as if time even itself had ceased to be, and that eternity ought alone to exist in this place. An inscription engraved with a firm hand—*Hic Iacet Anima Mea*—retained Julian a long time. *Here lies my soul!* A soul killed—buried! What suffering in these four words! And what a history, he thought, that a man can thus sum up!

But an idea crossed his mind. Perhaps these words signified something else. He remembered having read that they were once placed upon the stone that covered the treasure of a miser. Here in this hiding-place it was scarcely probable that it could be a jest, but the sense could be analogous; a treasure, no matter what, might be hidden in the wall. The stone offered him no hold. In vain he pushed and struck it. At last he observed that the inscription placed near the lower edge rather designated the stone below. This in effect, as soon as he began to push it, he perceived was not immovable, but the movement was weak, and, notwithstanding his greatest efforts, did not increase. Julian, feeling that the resistance was in the center, applied his strength only to one of the extremities. Then the stone turned on itself. A sort of hinge held it by the middle to the stone above and to that below.

The hiding-place was not deep. Julian could see forthwith all that it contained—a book and a pencil beside it. He took the book. It was an old Bible of Saumur, the heritage, without doubt, of a Huguenot prisoner. The pencil had not been useless. The margins, the white pages, often even the interlines, all were covered with writing. The author had thrown pell-mell pious reflections, theological observations, controversial, philological, and historical remarks.

But Julian perceived in turning over the leaves that the first pages contained a sort of journal. It was at first a family record, according to the old Protestant usage. The first lines were written with ink:

"To-day, June 16, 1680, in the Church of Charenton, my marriage has been blessed by Jean Claude, minister in said Church, who has given me this book, admonishing me to keep it in good and bad fortune in remembrance of this day, which I shall do by the grace of God.

"This day, August 18th, of the same year, has been my installation as minister in the Church of Meaux, which I have promised before my Savior faithfully to instruct and keep in all good doctrine and holiness of life as long as the Savior gives me to do it.

"This day, August 27, 1681, is born to me a daughter, whom may God bless!

"This day, September 1, 1683, is born to me a son, whom may God bless! The times are hard. They say that the king is still more raging against us. May God turn him aside!

"This day, July 5, 1684, my well-beloved mother is dead, whom God would receive in peace with my father! I take to my home my young brother, who has only me in the world.

"Yesterday October 15, 1685, was given the

edict by which the king revokes that of Nantes. The ministers must leave the kingdom. The Lord will teach us whether we ought to obey him.

"To-day, May 7, 1686, a second daughter is born to me, whom may God bless! The Church is under the cross. There is pain of death for those ministers who shall be found in France. I am not gone, and I shall not go. God wishes me in his field. He keeps me here even by the voice of my brother, a child who says he has no fear, and that he wishes to devote himself to the same holy ministry."

Here finishes the writing of the pen. The rest was less laconic, but in closely-written lines. The author seemed to be resigned from the beginning never to have other paper.

"This day, July 13, 1688, having been in the Bastille fourteen months, I have received by the goodness of God this book by a jailer whom they had won over. But this man would tell me nothing. I have been all day turning over the leaves of the book to see if there is nothing written in it, and I am sad because I have found nothing. As if there was not, and all at length the good Word of God. Read, to begin, the fourteenth chapter of St. John, where there is, 'I will not leave you orphans.'

"May 15, 1689.—It is to-day two years since I was arrested. I thought they were going to condemn me as they had done several others, who have had the joy of dying for the Lord. But it appears that they do not wish these executions in or near the capital, and this is why they put me in this castle, telling me that I should go out when I would, provided that I abjure. Therefore I shall die here.

"If I could only have some news of my wife, my children, and my brother! But I know absolutely nothing of them, not even that they are living.

"August 20th.—Found in my room a hiding-place that one of my predecessors apparently had begun to make; he had even procured a piece of iron which makes the pivot. For two months I have worked to enlarge the cavity, and in it I have placed my Bible, which takes from me a great care, as I was always trembling lest it should be discovered. These enemies of God know not that I am no longer alone. Found one of those days the mark that my wife had made on a page the last evening that we read together. I have wept much, but the good God has sustained me.

"November 15th.—There came to me a priest, whom I believed to be a bishop, who has strongly and subtly pressed me on the things of faith. He spoke with great authority and elo-

quence of words, as if it had been in a sermon before a great concourse of people of his Church. God enabled me to answer him in all modesty and yet with assurance, so that he could not but by an egregious falsehood say that I had been put to the stand. He wished always to push me on the ground of the authority of the Church, which is a device of Satan to bring poor souls to receive in the lump all that it pleases the Church to teach; but I stopped him always on the things in which she has violated or set aside the Word of God, and I said to him that he must begin by proving to me that she did not, without which his great demonstration of the authority of the Church would be always weak, skillfully as he might arrange it.

"November 25th.—I have learned that this priest was the famous Bossuet. God be praised that I did not know it the day that he came, for I would have been in a fright to find myself with so great a prelate, and I would not, perhaps, have discoursed as I had done.

"April 30, 1691.—It seems as if the Church of God was more than ever under the cross. Those who remain faithful are in great anguish and persecution. They are pillaged, slain, and sent to the galleys. Our poor provinces of the South are given up to fire and sword. Pagans could not do more.

"May 20th.—M. Bossuet came again, but God enabled me to speak to him even more resolutely than the first time, two years ago. As he wished to attack me once more on the authority of the Church, I told him that there was but little occasion for disputing with words, it seemed to me, when they were resolved as they are to be right by the sword; and that I knew what they were doing to our poor flocks; and that a number of my brethren had already perished on the gallows or the wheel; and that it was a thing very cruel, very shameful, and one that cried aloud to God that Christians, or those who called themselves such, should inflict such evils upon Christians. I added that he for his own part would have to answer for it before God, inasmuch as he had contributed more than any other one to enrage the king against us, and to make him believe that our extermination was a pious work. He left greatly confounded and in anger, but what matters that to me? I trust in this Word which he would give me as proving that his is the true Church, and which has only been said of that of the true worshipers in spirit and in truth, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

"November 12th.—They have sent me another, so gentle and winning that I asked him at once

if he were not M. Fénelon, which seemed to give him pleasure, for it was he. He began again to speak to me more gently still, so that I began to fear that I would not have the desire to reply, and I went at once to the root of the matter. Here he found himself as much a Papist as another. All that he had said till then were vain phrases from a charity which came from the depths of his own heart, not from his Church. A Catholic, however charitable he may be, can yield nothing in conscience; if he spare us severity he disobeys the Church, councils, popes, who have always commanded that rebels like us should know neither peace nor truce, and who have always approved all the cruelty of the kings. I saw that M. Fénelon winced in his heart at this hard policy. He showed himself touched with the constancy that God has given me in this captivity, and as he went out of my cell I saw that he was going to embrace me. But he restrained himself, and I do not believe he will come again.

"October 13, 1702.—For eleven years I have written nothing, I have read nothing. They lodged me in another room, and the book remained here, happily hidden away.

"I thought well that after soft words would come harsh things. When they saw that I would not submit to their arguments they shut me up at first in a dungeon so horrible and unwholesome that I thought no man could live in it two months. I was there six weeks or thereabouts; then they took me up into a cell so dark and small that it was almost the same thing, except that one could live in it. There I remained eleven years without once going out of it. They had taken me out before to go to mass, but as I said I would not go there any more, they declared that I should go out no more for the walk in the court.

"No one in these eleven years has come to visit me, and I have often been in great anguish, even asking God to take me out of the world, which is a great sin. But he has given me back his Word, and I shall be strengthened.

"I know nothing of my wife nor of my poor children. I always see them as the little ones, and I have, perhaps, a daughter of twenty years, nay, of twenty-one. Do they think of me and pray for me as I do for them? If I were not very sure to find them again in paradise I should have withered away with regret. Every time that I have spoken of them they have replied, 'Recant,' for Satan knows well that if I could have been tempted it would have been by that. Alas, my God! they have, perhaps, been educated, my poor children, in that religion the enemy of the Gospel and the

persecutor of the saints. They have, perhaps, taught them to curse their father. . . . May God take away from me this thought, for it gives me too much pain! And my brother, my poor brother, who wished to become a minister, what have they done with him?

"May 10, 1704.—It seems that our poor people have tried to throw off the yoke, and that they are fighting in the Cevennes. I have always preached for my own part submission to the powers that be, but I would not condemn my brethren under the cross, for it may be that God has put it into their hearts to withstand tyranny. They say that the king has also a great war in Spain and elsewhere with the English. The will of God be done! I would not wish evil to my country, and yet I can not help wishing the deliverance of the Church oppressed by the wicked. All this has been going on for two years, but I knew nothing of it.

"April 12, 1709.—The weather has been terribly cold, of which I thought I would die, although they gave me a little fire. They say that many people are dead, and that the crops are lost. The hand of God is heavy upon this unhappy kingdom. This Winter I have grown very old, and, in fact, I shall soon be fifty-four. Twenty-two years have I been in the Bastile.

"December, 1712.—They say that the king has seen almost all his family die. God avenges the blood and the tears of our people. But I should not have written this line. God alone knows the wherefore of his designs.

"July, 1714.—Blessed be God! I begin to die to the world. If they should come to tell me that they were going to release me I should be but moderately affected. I would like as well to remain here a little, and only to see in the heavens those who were my family on the earth.

"September, 1715.—The king is dead. Seventy-two years he has reigned. He would wish, perhaps, now to exchange his burden for mine. They say that the new king is only five years old, and that the Duke of Orleans is regent. That may well bring changes. . . . But see the poor human heart. I said I was dead to the world, and I begin to talk again of hope.

"January, 1716.—Hope is vain, but, thank God, I do not need it. Resignation has come back to me, and more entire than before. I put myself again body and soul in the hands of God. They tell me that our poor Churches are a little less tormented than in the time of the late king.

"March, 1717.—A young man came to see

me, who is said to be in the Bastile for some blunder of youth and authorship. He seemed to have great pity for me, but not so much for what I have suffered in this captivity as because I am decided to remain in it, all these opinions, he said, being vain and equally indifferent to men of intelligence. But he soon saw that I would not listen to such words, and that before confessing that error and truth are things indifferent, I would sooner confess that light and darkness are one and the same thing. He showed me some verses of a book that he had made on Henry IV and the Protestants of his time, who have in the book, as it seems to me, the finest part. Although it is only justice, I thanked him for his good-will toward us and our fathers. I said to him that I should pray earnestly to God for the success of his enterprise, and that he should not himself remain in this damnable unbelief. He told me his name; I have forgotten it. How differently they write and speak from my time! I had not thought of such a change. I have kept the old French of my Bible, not having seen nor read any thing else since I have been here. I saw that I made the impression on this young man of a man of another age and almost of another world.

"*March, 1720.*—I have been several times ill, and I am much weakened. Is it that the hour of my departure is at hand? I have scarcely strength to open and to close the hiding-place, and what would become of me without my book? They say that our Churches are recovering strength and life. I know well that God will not forsake us forever.

"*July, 1724.*—I do not know how I still live. Here are four years that I have been growing weaker, and the lamp is ever burning. One would say that the prison has taught me to live with little air and to economize life. But I do not believe, notwithstanding, that it will be long.

"*December, 1724.*—Persecution is beginning again. A terrible edict has been published, that the governor had the cruelty to bring me. I will not have the consolation of dying knowing my brethren to be in peace. The will of God be done!

"*May, 1725.*—This is the last time, probably, that I shall write; also, there is no more space. My hand trembles, and I can scarcely see. I would not wish, however, not to have been here. God has kept me during thirty-eight years sheltered from the dangers and the temptations of the world; he has given me almost two-thirds of my life to prepare to meet his Christ. I feel that I ought to pardon more

fully than I have done those who have been through hate of the Gospel the instruments of his mercy toward me. But I ardently desire to pardon them, and I hope that God will not call me to himself without having taken from my heart the last remains of gall and bitterness.

"May God be with my children and my brother if they live; with my poor wife if she does not already await me near him! It is now that I can say either that I go unto her or that I shall not await her a long time, for she was nearly my own age.

"May God pardon me finally, through the blood of Christ, all my sins, for I know well that I have often offended him! It has taken me a long time to learn to submit, and it required but little to recall the old man. May God of his great goodness keep me to the end, and may my Savior receive me! Amen!

"*June, 1725.*—I have wished to see my Bible again. But I can no longer read it, and I can not see what I write. Shall I have strength to conceal it? I do not know. To whosoever may find it peace and the benediction of God our Father and of Jesus Christ our Savior! Here it is—I kiss it—I kiss it again—adieu—adieu—I shall no more read the Word—I shall hear it even from the mouth of God."

These last words were scarcely legible. Tears had flowed on the trembling and badly-formed writing—the last regret for a happiness lost by the cruelty of men, last tears of the just in the first light of heaven.

Those of Julian had also bedewed the old book. He regretted that the history was ended, and he had sighed after the end. He would have begun it again, but he dared not, as if he feared to condemn to thirty-eight more years of agony him whom he had just seen die in such holy joy.

Then in the bottom of his soul he had almost a feeling of jealousy. He, floating at every breeze on the waves of an age that tormented him, seemed pitiful before these thirty-eight years of constancy and of faith. It was not that he felt himself incapable of encountering if need be persecution and martyrdom; but, thought he, and that was the great want, one can not be a martyr at will. Martyr! Of what should he be? He had tried every thing, and every thing had broken in his hand. Where should he take a cause to defend, a master to follow, a God who should become his life?

What completed his humiliation was the very humility of the man whom chance had just made to live again for him. What a contrast to the noisy splendors of the virtue and the wisdom of the day! Not a word in all



this history in which was lurking the thought of a eulogy, of a remembrance even, to be looked for from men. The author had written, had suffered, had died only for his faith and his God. He had not written even his name. Was it not enough that God knew it? Perhaps he had had to strengthen himself more than once against the harrowing temptation to be weak and to be free; but of all these struggles and of all these victories not one word. Victor, he gave to God all the glory; vanquished, he would have believed himself the last of traitors. It was the faithful servant who, in devoting himself even unto death, thought he was doing nothing more extraordinary than if he were attending to peaceable duties; it was the traveler, who walks over the thorns as over the flowers straight to the end of his journey.

And who had told the prisoner of the Bastille of this goal? Who had taught him not to doubt it in his heart, to see it as before his eyes, to hold it as a prize under this powerful and imperturbable gaze? A book, that which had received his confidence, that which he still kissed when his eyes refused to read, and could only weep; that, in fine, which Julian had just found under this epitaph so mysterious and so true.

But Julian had only seen the Bible till then through Catholic superstitions, the mocking laugh of Voltaire, or the lying homage of Rousseau. This book that the unknown martyr had called *my soul*, the man of 1778 had not had even the thought of opening beyond several pages which related to him the Divine power. He admired this touching history, but he was yet incapable of comprehending that it could become his own.

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### LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY R. A. WEST, ESQ.

#### NUMBER VIII.

##### SOCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE OTHER SEX.

**M**Y DEAR —, Your excessive care to make your mention of Mr. — appear accidental only, while it provoked a smile, also warned me that your parents must not expect always to have your undivided love. It suggested to me, too, the propriety of promptly performing a duty that, from its delicate nature, I would fain have postponed, but which involves a subject too vitally affecting your future happiness and welfare to be omitted from a father's confidential correspondence with his daughter.

To say that it will cost us no pang to feel that we have a rival in your affections would

be to profess a stoicism we do not feel. On the other hand, to complain of aught that promotes our child's happiness would indicate a selfishness of which I trust we are both incapable. All that we ask of you is, that in such an important matter as an engagement you will make no decision without the soberest reflection, devout and earnest prayer for Providential guidance, and frank communication and consultation with us. You will not find that either of us has grown skeptical in affairs of the heart, while we can give you the benefit of some knowledge of men gained by experience and observation. I am sure I need not say that the tenderest regard for your happiness will prompt whatever counsels we may give you. The question of parental authority and filial duty in such matters need not be raised between us. I do not believe that you would countenance the attentions of any one against whom we could urge reasonable and serious objections, and I am sure we should not force upon you an engagement at variance with your inclinations.

You have too much good sense to take it for granted, as many young women seem to do, that a pleasant acquaintance and friendly intercourse with the other sex must of necessity lead to courtship and marriage. This mixing up of love with the ordinary associations of life has wrought serious injury to young people of both sexes, for it has in a great degree closed up the avenues to that fuller knowledge of each other so important to the wise choice of a companion for life. But it is especially disadvantageous to your own sex. It is certainly as important to a woman that she marry happily as it is to a man, and she should have no less favorable opportunities than he of judging of mental, moral, and religious qualifications, and all the more that the privilege of choice is denied to her. But a knowledge of men can only be obtained by association with them. In one particular, however, you have an advantage which, discreetly used, may increase your opportunities of estimating character rightly. No matter how marked a gentleman's attentions to you may be, till he makes a formal declaration of love you have a right to consider them only as the ordinary civilities of society, and you *should* so consider them. But your quick perception in such matters may have told you the true state of the case. You can, therefore, set about the careful study of his qualities and inform yourself of his character. Let me, my dear —, impress upon you that no true-hearted woman will abuse the power that this advantage gives her. When she detects the rising attachment she will examine closely her own heart, and if that tells her that she can not

reciprocate such an affection she will endeavor by her carriage toward the gentleman to save him the pain and mortification of a refusal of his suit. She is not worthy of the name of woman who would lure a man to an avowal of a love that she could not reciprocate. But on such points your own goodness of heart, and the tact natural to your sex, will be better guides than any counsels of mine.

Supposing my conjecture about Mr. — to be correct, I assume the matter to be just this: You suspect that, sooner or later, he will make you an offer of his hand, but the grounds of your suspicion are yet so indefinite that you do not like to acknowledge it even to me. I will take the hint, however, and act upon it. My first counsel to you is, that you closely and deliberately canvass his merits before your affections become entangled and your judgment is warped by the compliment of a proposal. Do not be afraid of thoroughly analyzing all the elements of his character. Ask some friend in whom you have confidence to institute inquiries respecting his habits, temper, etc. Put your feelings and prospects aside, and make your decision on the merits alone. You would better never marry than marry unhappily. Keep this in memory, for it is true. And it is also true that the less solicitude you encourage in that direction the more likely is your path to be opened happily before you.

I know but little of Mr. —, but shall seek an early opportunity of knowing more. But mutually dismissing him or any other individual gentleman from our thoughts, let me ask of you, my dear daughter, to ponder well upon the step you may be urged to take. Whenever a gentleman asks you to receive him as an accepted lover, he asks you to live with him till death parts you. You have, then, to do mainly not with his public character, not with the reputation he has in the world, but with what he really is, with what he shows himself to be in the privacy of home. It is *there* and not in society that you have to live with him. Need I tell you that no amount of outward show or of polite attention toward yourself in public would compensate you for the absence of innate worth, for the lack of integrity and the want of that loving tenderness that finds its choicest field in the privacy of the domestic hearth? In my judgment the question "what *has* he?" is of immeasurably less importance than the one "what *is* he?" Wealth can not make a fire-side happy in the absence of love and virtue. But these can make home an Eden where there are no riches. Money may augment but it can not create happiness, and especially the happi-

ness of wedded life. That rests upon another basis altogether. The man spoke by inspiration who said, "Better is a little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith. *Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.*"

The man to whom you could happily unite yourself in marriage should have such strong sense as to secure your respect. In the element of mental strength he should be at least your equal. It were better that he were your superior. Perhaps it might be too much to say that there is no happy wedded life where this is not the case. But unquestionably the instances are rare. God's order is that the wife shall have the stronger sense of the husband to lean upon for counsel and guidance as she has his stronger arm to look to for protection and defense. He should also have good moral principles, so as to command your confidence. It is he who has to mingle with the world, to defy its allurements, to grapple with its trials, and to triumph over its temptations. You can readily conceive how your happiness as his wife would be marred could you not send him forth every morning assured that whatever misfortune befall him he will return to you at eventide with a spotless soul and an unstained reputation. He should be a man, too, of refined tastes. I would not lay so much stress upon similarity as upon refinement or elevation of taste. The man who possesses this is a gentleman every-where and at all times, and his presence will make home pleasant and recreative. He should have a naturally good temper. I will not go so far as to say that "temper is every thing," but I am not sure that next to personal religion it is not the best guarantee for wedded happiness. Some have placed it even foremost as among the qualities desirable in a husband. This I can not do. I could not advise you to marry even a religious man whose temper was naturally bad, but neither could I counsel you to link your life with one who, possessing all the qualities I have named, yet lacked that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom.

You will notice, my dear —, that I have said little or nothing about the worldly circumstances of the man who may seek you in marriage. In truth, I think that an entirely minor matter. Let him be a man of good common-sense, of sound principles and industrious habits, of correct and pure taste, and blessed with a good temper and a renewed heart, and I could unhesitatingly trust you to his care and protection. Encouraged by your sympathy and co-operation, such a man would provide things honest in the sight of all men, and command a

respect which riches could not gain for him. He would bring happiness home with him. Safer far would my dear —'s welfare be in such keeping than in that of the wealthiest man living without those qualities which I have commended to you. In this as in all other matters let me say, "Lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge Him and *He shall direct thy steps.*"

Your affectionate father.

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PRESENTIMENTS.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

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WHAT mean these strange foreshadowings, these premonitions of pain or of peace—the deep depressions that fall on our soul, we know not why—or, more wonderful still, the radiant hours of rapturous calm that compass us sometimes like the unexpected breaking on the gray horizon of a dazzling aurora?

What mean they, unless it be that the sensitive soul in its instinctive outlookings sees from afar the waving of its incoming harvests of sorrow and of joy?

Are not the tides of gladness that set in on our souls now and then, but for which we can not account, really because of some good that is being wrought for us, we know not how or where, but of which the far-seeing spirit takes subtle cognizance and lifts itself in rejoicings at which we, perhaps, only wonder?

Do we not sometimes in the long, still afternoons of the half-sunny, half-shadowy days that look toward the Spring, hear, or fancy we hear, breaking from the silence the far note of a timid bird-song, or the almost undistinguishable ripple of running water; and this, though we know that Winter still holds all the streams, and that yet through the frosty air has come no waft of adventurous wing? But weeks afterward we wake some bright morning wishing Spring would come, and distinct, as we listen, comes the glad gurgle of a free mountain stream, and in the bare apple-boughs near our window a radiant robin is singing.

Do we not often in the early mornings, long before the first violets have ventured to unfold their frail purple to the uninviting air, fancy that we catch from far the faint breath of their fragrance, and go searching, perhaps, the moist banks of the swollen meadow streams, hoping, at least, some bursting buds of beauty, though we know it is yet many days too early?

But by and by, floating up from the meadow-land, comes the breath of the sweet May blooms,

and lo! the old vision of the violets has come real. And may not the vigilant, sensitive soul secure thus the certain earnest of its fate and shrink in the shadow of an approaching pain, or grow strangely glad before, to our slower senses, are given yet any tokens of its dawning Summer?

You have felt this in the progress of some friendships—the most beautiful and spiritual of your life, doubtless—those in which your soul came nearest to some other, where mutual trust was most perfect, where the recognition of each other's aims and interests was most clear and unmistakable. Have you not, after some of the rarest hours in the life of such a friendship, when you have been most fully aware of its depth and richness, been burdened with an unaccountable feeling of sadness that you could not be rid of, that, indeed, never in all the joy of your communion entirely left you? Nothing more, it may be, than the dimness of a shadow haunting the most distant border of your radiant valley-land of peace; yet you were aware of it always, less palpable, perhaps, but something like the half-wakeful consciousness—the faint suspicion of evanescence that attends oftentimes the most enraptured visions of our mid-night dreaming—the imperceptible mingling of the half-conscious dread of waking with the clear delight of the dream. And this dim, unrecognized reality was the soul's warning to you. But did you heed it?

Can we deliberately put away from us that which seems dearest, truest, and best because of the burden of pain that we know we must take up afterward? Can we make ourselves feel thus early the necessity of so strange a self-denial? Nay, we wait for the agony. The law may be plain, the penalty sure, but we will not escape it by giving up the very life and riches of the soul we seek to save.

While there is still sunshine on the path we will wander on, even to the very verge of the yawning darkness. For the sake of the sweetness of the few drops that remain, we are content to drain all the depths of bitterness that lie beneath.

And so there comes a time when, in the interchange of the most sacred thoughts you ever trust to the rudenesses of speech, you are startled by a word or a look, even less, perhaps—a shadow of a word or a look—but, whatever it be, it comes to you like a new revelation—a note of irremediable dissonance—and, though you say to yourself it is nothing, and you feel that it is nothing, yet from the imperceptible point of separation the divergence of two souls so closely united is so rapid and so sure that

before you acknowledge to yourself the possibility of distrust the chasm between you is too broad even to be bridged over, and at last the midnight truth, dark, inevitable, descends upon you, that your friendship is dead, and well you know that for such as this once dead there can be no resurrection. And all this time your soul was true to you. Were you true to your soul? Perhaps so. Knowing all, would you choose to have plucked too early the rare splendence of the unblemished flower to save yourself now the mortal bitterness of the perfected fruit?

Is there not sometimes a strange sense of fatality attending even the success of our most cherished plans, but which in our ardor we fail to recognize as the foreshadowing of an unpropitious result? Afterward when we learn the true worth of what we so eagerly sought, when the coveted treasure turns to dust in our grasp, we see what it all meant, but only too late to avail us.

In some of our deepest disappointments has there not been a secret sense of joy, a something that lifted us above despondency and made us brave to bear what we were sure could be only adverse to our dearest interests? Why this but that the soul, feeling farther into the future, and looking straight on beyond the limits of our blind reason, saw more truly what was best for us, and so, catching a note of the joy we could not divine, brought back this feeling of content to mingle with the bitterness of the pain.

You know how often your soul has cried out against you when you have disregarded your finer impulses, because of some preestablished theory or the restraint of some barbarous social custom, when you have satisfied yourself with unworthy attainments and unworthy utterances, and when you have cramped and fettered your noblest powers under the suspicion of moral improvement.

When you dared not obey your marvelous intuitions, preferring a path clearly prescribed for you in uncontradicted creeds, you know with what sad reluctance you did your self-appointed work, and, very likely, blamed yourself in that you so utterly failed to find delight in duty. But afterward, when you had grown in the knowledge of yourself, and learned to be truer to your highest instincts, you saw clearly how your doubts and dearth of joy were but the soul's anticipation of its own mutilation and loss.

Subtle, sensitive, far-seeing, divinely-appointed as our informer and leader, what wonder that the far-reaching shadows of on-coming sufferings should envelop it, or that it should take up so

early sometimes the pæan of its triumph, while we are climbing still uncertainly, heedful only of the dull voices of complaining or despondency rising close about us?

You know the story of the white-winged bird that went before the bewildered pilgrim in his desert journey, fluttering backward to warn him of the coming of every deadly blast, and leading with unerring instinct to every oasis of refreshing and rest. So, left unblinded and unfettered, is to us our unmistakable soul a very white-winged herald, faithfully guiding into safest and serenest pathways; obediently followed, leading unerringly on to the long-sought peaceful Mecca of our worship and repose.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEAF AND DUMB TEACHER.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

MY boy, *Charles Royal*, now that he is dead and gone, I feel justified in taking liberties with his name in the story I am now about to recount. This boy, I say, was, in truth, the most remarkable pupil I ever had. He was a semi-mute, having lost his hearing in his fourth year, and could utter a number of words. Before he came to my school he had for several years worked in a factory, and, "poor dummy" as he was, had always sent his earnings to his poor widowed mother. Well-formed, intelligent, and generous to a fault, he was a favorite with all the school. To see the boys, little and big, huddling about him, one would imagine that he reigned "sole and undisputed" master of their hearts.

He was a wag in his little way. He possessed a vein of humor rich, luxurious, and, in the midst of dull wits, quite edifying. He used to shake my sides with laughter by portraying on his fingers the foibles and vices of the world, to which his eye instead of his ear was alive. His wit was ardent, insatiable, and, to tell the truth, often troublesome; but his powers of observation and reflection were prodigious for a boy. Can not some publisher issue the sayings of my young friend in book form for the benefit of boys of a larger growth? It is for the good of "Young America" in particular that I record the sayings of my boy Charles:

"The Christians of our day, I regret to state, constitute the largest proportion of those who are engaged in desperate attempts to accumulate property. Why do so many Christians object to giving their children in marriage to the children of God who have the misfortune to be poor in purse? I think it strange that



so large a proportion of Christians should think it worth their while to become brokers and bankers, seeing that the Bible declares the 'love of money is the root of all evil.' One of the most grievous results of the employment in which they are engaged is indifference to the sufferings of the poverty-stricken ones of earth.

"I have seen many a Christian pass by a pale-looking, diseased man without so much as speaking to him or taking the least interest in his case. All they did was simply to look upon him and then pass on. What causes so much agitation on the subject of negro slavery, pray? White slavery—I mean the slavery of girls who ply the needle from morning till night for a scanty pittance—this kind of slavery, I say, is entirely overlooked in a community of Christian men and women created equal. What puts so many Christians out of humor with their worldly neighbors? Can not they forgive and forget the past? Can not they so live that their enemies may be constrained to acknowledge the superior purity of their religion? I have known some instances of Christians refusing to come over and make up with their enemies on their death-bed. This is not as it should be. From what I have seen in the moral world it would seem that the 'pure religion and undefiled' of Jesus Christ is not understood by the great mass of the Christians of the present day. The *Christian*, as I, poor school-boy, understand by the term, is one who always strives to keep himself unspotted from the world, and also to conform to the nature of a *little child*. No man, I declare upon the authority of the Bible, can hope to go to heaven except when he becomes like a child. Little children can not devilize themselves, for they know no evil. 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' To be a Christian only in name is worse than blasphemy. If any person wishes to be a Christian he must work out his own salvation. Let both saint and sinner have a baby. A baby is but a messenger of the hidden glories of heaven. By looking at the smiles which play hide and seek about its innocent face, we can learn to love our Heavenly Father. 'Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' St. Matthew, chapter xviii, verses 3, 4, 5, 6.

Let, then, every Christian become a parent, and learn of his offspring to be humble and harmless.

"Many a Christian family refuses to take religious newspapers, yet take Sunday ones. The first-day papers, generally speaking, contain matter which to read is to destroy the soul. Why do not the publishers of religious papers pervert the pernicious influence of the first-day ones by dating their own papers *Sunday* instead of week-day, and publishing them on *Saturday afternoon* in time for circulation, so as to enable both saint and sinner to read them on the Lord's day? If I were to publish a religious newspaper, which I greatly fear I never shall do, my plan would be this:

#### THE SUNDAY READER:

A SUNDAY PAPER, DESIGNED FOR SABBATH READING.

SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1863.

Published every *Saturday Afternoon* for circulation.

"Such a step would, no doubt, result in immense good to the community. Who will take the matter in hand? Why is it that the religious papers are published on Wednesday or Thursday instead of Saturday, on which latter day the latest news would be thrown open to the public, and so counteract the influence Sunday papers exert for evil? If a religious or, if you please, Christian paper were published and circulated on Saturday evening instead of Wednesday or Thursday, it would have the effect of depriving Sunday papers of the patronage of a news-loving people, and elevating the public taste to the standard of purity. Many persons—such is the force of character—buy Sunday papers as they go to church in their desire to know the latest news. The publishers of Sunday papers make their account of the public taste in such matters—they *know* their business. If religious papers, though they are dated Sunday the same as first-day papers, are published on Saturday evening in time for circulation they will prevent people from taking Sunday papers at *second hand*. Religious papers to be published on Saturday evening must necessarily contain all the news upon which first-day papers depend for their subsistence, and the plan here recommended, if carried out, would drive all the first-day journals from the land."

Here are the ideas of my extraordinary pupil, as expressed in signs by himself. I scarcely need say that he is not responsible for the wording of them. The sign language is, of necessity, independent of words and of their grammatical arrangement. The passages which my scholar quoted from the Bible he remembered, not word for word, for he had then but recently com-

menced learning the vocabulary, but from a certain association of ideas.

His reflections upon men I may be permitted to record by way of illustrating his insight into the imperfections of human nature: A rich boy, said he, can afford to ride instead of walking; a poor boy is obliged to walk. A rich girl is famous at the shortest notice; a poor one is scarcely known beyond the circle of her relatives. A rich man can afford to go all over the globe; a poor one can not see beyond his country. A rich woman can marry whomsoever she likes, and can also marry when she pleases; a poor woman must wait. A rich baby can afford to ride in a coach and four; a poor infant must be confined to the kitchen. A rich old man can marry a young beauty; it is difficult for a poor old man to marry a young girl. Rich people command every thing; poor folks want many things. Rich rogues are respected and their society is courted; poor rogues are despised and cut off from society. Rich women are worshiped, let them be ever so ugly; ugly poor women are subject to the sneers of their neighbors. Rich persons sin in certain particulars with impunity; poor persons can not sin in those particulars with impunity. The rich *could* excel in morality with a little effort; the poor *can not* attain to purity of heart without daily prayer and close watching. The rich could do an immense amount of good in this world; the sphere of usefulness of the poor is necessarily limited. The rich can fill, if they please, the world with villages and cities; the poor are obliged to work for the poor.

Charles Royal was well acquainted with the mysteries of magic, having acquired the art from the celebrated Anderson. Scarcely a day passed without his entertaining his school-mates with exhibitions of his skill in sorcery. Neither teacher nor pupil could make out his tricks.

He used frequently to tell his companions in a jesting manner that he was *death-proof*—a word which he invented. O, how little he imagined that the grim monster had already marked him for his victim! In the Winter of 1860 he was making preparations to celebrate Christmas at the school. He went home, as he said, to fill up the measure of the holiday's entertainment. He did not, however, return to the school for two weeks. One morning my scholars asked me if I had heard any thing of Charles Royal. On my answering in the negative they handed me a morning newspaper, pointing to the column on "Died," in which I read: "Died, yesterday morning, at the residence of his mother, Charles Royal, of typhoid fever, aged — years."

### COMFORT.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Now drop the curtain, tender heart,  
The night is gray and chill;  
The little grave is bare to see  
Upon the wind-swept hill.  
All day your eyes have lingered there,  
With grief no tear might tell;  
Now leave the darling to her rest—  
The angels guard it well.

Do you remember one sweet day,  
When daisies last were white,  
And cowslips held their cups of gold  
Wide open to the light,  
We wandered to the dim old woods,  
Close folding in our grasp  
Those little hands that even then  
Were slipping from our clasp;  
Trusting the odors from the pines  
And pale arbutus flowers  
Might wake some pulse of fresher life  
In that frail bud of ours?  
O, rare it was along the slope  
To watch the shadows run  
O'er young grass leaning to the wind  
And bright'ning in the sun;  
And sweet to see above our heads  
The sunny breaks of blue,  
A shifting vault of cloud and light  
With bird-songs dropping through.  
But sweeter far to watch the child  
With softly-radiant eyes,  
As if her soul looked forth to view  
The sunshine and the skies.  
And folding oft her waxen palms,  
We heard her murmur low,  
"I thank thee, God, for this sweet day  
That makes the blossoms blow."

I think, dear love, that God, who knew  
How sad our hearts would be,  
Had whispered to the little child  
To comfort you and me.  
Let's lift to him our empty hands  
Since he hath made them so,  
And thank him for the few sweet days  
That made our blossoms blow.  
And in our dreams perchance our souls  
Will see the child we love,  
Where heaven's eternal sunshine gilds  
The meadow-lands above.

### ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

BY REV. W. LEASK.

LIVING, his tongue was eloquent to win  
The thoughtless sinner to the Christian faith—  
And now at rest, the sacred veil within,  
All but himself lament his early death.

## THE TRIAL OF EDITH STEARNS.

A STORY OF THE TIMES.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"SHE looks pretty this morning, Ben, does n't she?"

"As the roses she's just gathered. I wish I had such a sister, Marston."

"She's a treasure," added the first speaker, breaking a branch of honeysuckle from the vine which circled the front pillars of the veranda where the two young men stood talking in the light and fragrance of the new June morning.

"I always look at Edith with a wonder whether the life before her will be as fair and free from storms as it has been thus far. She's

'Lain in the roses and fed on the lilies of life,'

Ben, and she do n't know the meaning of sorrow, or discipline, or trial, and could n't bear them any better than birds or flowers can Winter storms. Poor child! I hope they'll never fall on her," and the speaker shook daintily the drops of dew from the flagons of honeysuckle.

"I hope not, Marston, and yet—"

The speaker paused, and a sudden thoughtfulness and gravity fell upon his face.

"What?"

"I was thinking how often these fine, sensitive natures like your sister's, tenderly sheltered from every storm, and nurtured in an atmosphere of luxury and human love, prove their moral fiber when the real trials of life come down on them; how bravely they can bend without breaking; how they can bear, and do, and suffer for duty's sake."

The young brother looked with tender solicitude on his sister as she came up the morning walk with a cluster of rare blossoms in her hands—crimson tulips and white roses, with a little spray of mignonette.

"Little Edith, I'm afraid she'd break before she'd bend. She has n't any more notion than a baby of the dark, hard side of life, and consequently no resistance to offer to it."

"The power comes with the need."

"What's that you're saying about me?" asked a fine, sweet voice, adding itself to the speakers.

"Nothing bad, Edith," said her brother, pulling a stray lock of the brown hair which had escaped from the coil at the back of the girl's head. "What have you been out among the flowers so early for?"

"I wanted some specimens for analyzing."

"What a little botanist you always were,

Edith! Do you remember how you used to wheedle and coax me off into the meadows to find you the first May flowers and dandelions?"

"I remember," the light of the old memory making sweeter the smile. "And how sadly you used to bother me chasing squirrels and butterflies instead of searching diligently for the specimens I wanted to gather for my herbarium."

"If I had been there I should certainly never have allowed you to be treated in such fashion," and Benjamin Hurst looked at the fair sister of his friend with a new interest.

"Thank you. But my curiosity has n't been appeased yet. You have n't told me what you were saying about me."

"Nothing, little Edith," said her brother, unconsciously using the adjective to which he had been accustomed in her childhood and his, "only Ben and I were wondering whether you'd ever have any thing harder to do than pick flowers and chase singing birds through all your life."

"And you thought, I know you did, both of you, that I was good for nothing higher or better than this," and over the bright sweetness of the speaker's face there came a little shadow of thoughtfulness.

"Not exactly that. Ben here took your part, and insisted there was real tough moral fiber in such fine, sensitive natures as yours, and that when the storms beat and the winds blow over you—which Heaven forbid they ever should!—you'd meet them like a true woman—brave and hopeful to the end."

The girl turned her face, touched and radiant, toward the young man.

"I thank you," she said, "for believing that which is best and truest of me; and when the trial comes, if it ever does, I shall remember your prophecy and try to live it."

"Come," said Marston Stearns, "I shall grow superstitious, and fancy some evil fate is going to befall us if you go on in this fashion. Let's have a row out on the river before dinner, Ben."

"I am ready for it," taking up the straw hat which lay on the window-sill.

"Edith, won't you go?" said her brother. "Ben and I will help you analyze the flowers, and as for future troubles let them go, little sister. You've got a brother's right arm to shield you, and a brother's strong heart to nestle into when they come."

Speaking these words, Marston Stearns slipped his arm around his sister's waist and looked down with proud fondness upon her.

And Edith Stearns answered her brother's

look with one equally fond, but one that touched on several feelings.

"I shall come and nestle there, Marston; but for all that I'm braver and stronger than you think for."

He laughed, and shook his head, and pinched the girl's cheek.

"May you never have the chance to prove your words true nor mine false!" he said, and she ran off for her bonnet.

Marston and Edith were the only son and daughter of Geoffrey Stearns. He was now an old, retired merchant, a stately, urbane gentleman of the old school, the fondest and most indulgent of fathers.

Edith was his idol. Her mother had died before she could remember, but the golden-haired child had the sweet face which lay under the Summer violets, and therefore it was that Geoffrey Stearns saw not only in it the face of the child of his old age, but the face of the love of his youth.

With Marston, too, Edith had been little less than an idol. He was a fine, generous nature, full of the impulse and ardor of youth. He had just graduated at college, and was now at home to pass the remainder of the Summer, and his friend and class-mate, Benjamin Hurst, was making him at this time a brief visit.

The two young men made a complete antithesis in looks and character. Perhaps it was this very thing which drew them close together. Benjamin Hurst's character was "drawn on a grave reserve." He was thoughtful, observant, reticent, but those who knew him much and well knew that his heart was loyal to all good and truth, tender as a woman's, and that he was a man in whom all weakness and sorrow would find a friend and helper, true and faithful, for Benjamin Hurst aimed ever to embody in his daily life his ideal of Christian manhood—the only true, eternal one. So they three, Marston and Edith Stearns and Benjamin Hurst, went together with light words and laughter in the pleasant June morning down to the little river that wound the blue garment of its waters at the end of the grounds, and the morning waved its banners of sunshine about them, and the sweet spices of sassafras and pine filled the great temple of the day—incense swung by the unseen hands of the winds.

A year had passed. The call to battle had sounded its mighty tocsin through the land, arousing the slothful and luxurious, calling every-where on the sons and daughters for the heroism and self-sacrifice of the fathers and the mothers; awakening every-where, in high and low places, that love of country to whose

claims all other human love should be subordinate, for which neither loss, nor sacrifice, nor life itself should be counted dear.

And the time had found men and women equal to it. The spirits of the fathers blazed up anew in the hearts of the children. Endurance, suffering, sacrifice—all the old heroisms that had been sung in song or told in story were enacted in this year and this present that men sneered at as so practical and money ridden. So the old faith and the old heroisms were made real again.

And the time to try Edith Stearns came, as sooner or later it must come to all the sons and daughters of men. One day Marston came to his sister and said what she knew had been for months in his heart, and overshadowed his brow with brooding and anxiety, and given the greater tenderness to his manner whenever he spoke to her, the doubt, and fear, and yearning to his eyes whenever he looked at her.

"Edith, if it were not for your sake—yours and father's—I should be off this day on the battle-field. It seems a sin and a shame for me to be here lounging and idling away the slow days when so many men better than I are off on that battle-field. A sin and a shame, I say, when my country needs me, to stay here squandering away my youth, my time, my energies; and yet when I look at my father's gray hairs, when I look in your sweet face, pretty sister, I have n't the heart to go, I have n't the strength to tear myself away unless I can carry your 'Godspeed' with me."

The time had come, I said, for Edith Stearns. She thought of the last June, and the words, half-grave, half-gay, which had been uttered on the veranda a year ago.

She went to her room. Marston was her only brother, her best beloved on earth. It cost her a day and a night of such bitter struggle as makes life never wear the same face afterward. And then Edith Stearns went to her brother and put her soft arms about his neck and hid her face on his shoulder, so that he should not see what was there, not knowing that her voice bore faithful witness to it all the while.

"Do not stay for my sake, Marston," she said. "If your country and duty call you, go, and I will give you my 'Godspeed.'"

Marston took his sister in his arms. "Edith," he said, "little Edith—" and she knew why his voice stopped here.

In a little while he broke the silence. "But my father—how can I leave him!"

"I shall be here; I can comfort him," answered the girl.



"Edith," said her brother, putting her away from him, and looking at his sister with eyes in which a new love and reverence struggled together, "I believe now all that Ben Hurst said of you. The time has come in a way that we looked not for, and you stand up steadily and meet the tempest with a brave, strong heart. Edith, my little noble sister Edith."

They were precious words, and the girl carried them in her heart, and they were like sweet ointment, filling it with fragrance. The next week Marston Stearns started off to join the army, and the blessing of his gray-haired father and the "Godspeed" of his fair young sister went with him.

And all over the land had silent heroisms like that of Edith Stearns been enacted—all over the land had women bowed their heads, and pressed back the bitter agony into their hearts, and given to God and to their country what was dearer to them than life.

It was in the early Spring, and the calm, reproachful stars looked down on a battle-field—no matter what one now, for they have looked on many such during the last year. There had been a fight and a victory, won after long and desperate resistance, and over the battle-field waved that fair flag whose stars are the witness of justice and liberty wherever they unfurl themselves—the flag which the fathers bought with their blood, and bequeathed to us a legacy of unutterable price to guard and cherish with ours. Ghastly forms of the dead and dying lay under both these stars and those in the heavens. The air was full of the sickly smell of powder; the tramping to and fro of horses, the groans of the suffering, made the night "unholy," and the tender, springing grass was daggled with blood and trampled with feet.

Under a tree a short distance from the field lay a young officer wounded unto death, and another officer bent tenderly over him. That white, ghastly face was a year ago the proud and gallant one of Marston Stearns. It rests on a knapsack now. The life-blood flows slowly in a small red skim from his side, and daggles the grass.

His mind wanders, and he mutters to himself. And the young officer bends over him and thinks of the gray old father afar off, and the sweet-faced sister that never "knew the meaning of sorrow."

The dying man's thoughts are away off in the green fields of his childhood with his young sister. "Edith," he mutters—"little sister, it was such a pretty butterfly, with great crimson wings, that I could n't help starting off for it;

but I'll come back now and gather the basket full of buttercups and dandelions. Kiss me, little Edith. There, do n't cry, I won't go off again."

For the tears of the young officer who bent over him were dropping like rain on his face.

Suddenly the dying man started up and glared about him. He saw the far watching stars and the ghastly battle-field near at hand. The truth flashed over him.

"Ben," he said faintly, "true comrade and faithful, am I going?"

"It is the will of God, Marston," answered Benjamin Hurst, a strife of tenderness and anguish in his voice.

"His will be done," said the dying man. "I'm not afraid to go to him. Give my last love to father and Edith—little Edith. Tell her not to mourn for me."

There was a low gurgle in the throat, the features settled down into that ghastly stillness from which there is no awakening, and Marston Stearns had gone to Him of whom he had borne his last testimony that he "was not afraid."

A week passed by. It was just after night-fall, and Edith Stearns came slowly into the large and luxurious sitting-room, suiting her young steps to the slow ones beside her, for her arm was in her father's. He was a stately-looking old man, with a kindly face, above which lay the white crown of his silver hairs.

"Papa," said Edith in a voice which none would have guessed was made bright and cheerful by a hard struggle, "sit down in the easy chair by the grate while I sing and play some of the old songs you like—the songs which you say my mother used to sing to you."

"Yes, daughter, yes," said the old man. "I shall enjoy them much, only I want to know whether the evening paper has come yet. I begin to be a little uneasy because I do n't hear from my boy."

"O, well, I dare say you'll have a letter to-morrow. It's difficult to catch time to write in camp."

At that moment a domestic brought the paper in. Edith seized it, unfolded the damp sheet, and ran her eyes over the columns. They fell on the list of "killed and wounded."

"O, father!" cried Edith Stearns, and that cry told the whole. It was a cry that, hearing once, you would pray God you might never hear again.

"My boy is dead!" exclaimed the old man, and his head dropped on his breast.

Of the night that followed what pen could write! Have there not been just such nights

in homes all over the land during the past year? Happy are you, O reader, if just such a blow has not fallen on your home, on your heart! Thank God and be humble.

A month later, just at the fall of evening, Benjamin Hurst entered the dwelling where he had so often "made merry" with Marston Stearns. It was a silent, sad dwelling now, for the shadow of death had fallen upon it.

The father and daughter sat together in the sitting-room. Edith was brushing her father's gray hair, for since his son's death the old man had grown almost childish, and could not bear to have his daughter out of his sight, and for her father's sake had Edith Stearns borne down the agony that was in her own soul, and comforted the old man in all those thousand ways that woman's care and tenderness suggest in the time of great trial. She had been true to Benjamin Hurst's prophecy of her. The young officer saw that in her face as she came forward to meet him.

Seeing him was the next best thing to seeing Marston. She sat down and after awhile they were able to hear and he to tell them of the death on the battle-field. It was a comfort to them to hear. Benjamin Hurst knew that it would be, and so he had risen up from a bed of sickness and hastened from camp, having obtained a furlough of three weeks to recruit his health, and tell the father and sister all he had to tell.

And that night after the old gentleman had retired, sitting alone with Edith Stearns, Benjamin Hurst said to her, "Do you remember what I prophesied of you that Summer day as we stood on the veranda, Miss Edith?"

She looked up, and a faint, faint smile found its way through the shadows and tears on her face.

"I remember," she said.

"You have more than fulfilled it in a way that we looked not for."

She answered this time with her tears. The young officer drew nearer the weeping girl.

"Edith," he said, "I was Marston's dearest friend. I want to take his place to his sister; may I try?"

She looked up in his face, and knew what he meant—a place nearer and tenderer than ever Marston's, and out of the fullness of her heart, and in the native simplicity and truth of her character, Edith Marston said, "Yes."

THE prayer of a soldier going to battle: "O God, if in the day of battle I forget *thee*, do not thou forget *me*."

## DEATH.

BY MRS. ELLEN C. HOWARTH.

No more I shrink from thee,  
Nor wildly quiver at thy icy breath,  
For bright and beautiful art thou to me,  
O, white-robed angel, Death!  
My sinless babe is on thy bosom laid,  
And thou hast closed her azure eyes in sleep  
So lovingly; why should I be afraid?  
Or wherefore should I weep?  
Once did I shrink from thee,  
And wildly quiver at thy icy breath;  
Now bright and beautiful art thou to me,  
O, white-robed angel, Death!  
Oft hast thou sought my home  
To take the infant from my loving breast;  
O, mercy's messenger, when wilt thou come  
To give the mother rest?  
This world is but a waste of tears and sighs,  
And I am weary, weak, and tempest-tossed;  
O, bear me to the kingdom of the skies,  
Where dwell my loved and lost;  
I will not shrink from thee,  
Nor quiver when I feel thy icy breath,  
For fair and beautiful art thou to me,  
O, white-robed angel, Death!  
Yet can I leave the earth  
So gladly, willingly with thee alone?  
Leave, dark and desolate, the household hearth,  
And he the sorrowing one—  
Leave the young children who around me yet  
Cling like Spring blossoms to a withered stem;  
How could I in my selfish grief forget  
And turn away from them?  
Alas! I am not free;  
The world still binds me with affection's breath,  
Though bright and beautiful art thou to me,  
O white-robed angel, Death!  
The nurslings sweet and fair  
Whom thou hast taken to their blissful home  
Need not a mother's tender, watchful care,  
To them no harm can come;  
And their baptismal robes all pure and white  
From touch of earth thy snowy wings shall hide  
While mine, all stained with sin and passion blight,  
Must yet be purified;  
Then let me bend the knee,  
Nor tempt kind heaven with my complaining breath,  
Though bright and beautiful art thou to me,  
O white-robed angel, Death.  
Now will I rise and make  
My garments clean, and on the hill-tops set  
My little taper for the dear one's sake  
Whom God hath left me yet;  
Let me a pilgrim tread life's devious ways,  
And learn to keep my sandals free from dust;  
Mine eye turned steady through the shadowy maze  
To Him in whom I trust,  
And calmly wait for thee,  
Till thou art sent to loose the struggling breath,  
For bright and beautiful art thou to me,  
O, white-robed angel, Death.

## GIVE IT AWAY.

BY MISS HATTIE STONE.

AY, give it away. Did a sunbeam just thrill the chill atmosphere with its golden pulse of life, waking your heart out of its drear apathy, anointing them to gladness, baptizing them to beauty? Give it away in brightness of word, in radiance of smile, or shining deed of charity. Did a bird-song just float down through the branches of the elm-tree, crowning the circling waves of air? Did a bud, thrilled by a sudden zephyr, or inspired by some rich robin-song, unfold its eager petals beneath your very eye when loitering in the garden a moment ago? Ah! give it away if only in the kindly smile shining out upon the little pauper—who never breathed its perfume or knew of its rosy, enchanted existence—whom you meet daily in your walk. So sunned, her little heart may blossom out into its prototype, and wonders of velvet-leaved charities and fragrant joys bloom from the one seed carried from the garden-flower to the moral waste by your careless smile, as winds, and birds, and bees carry and scatter the golden pollen. Has any great joy, any rich blessing dawned upon you? Let the *world* know it, be better by your gladness. Let your joys be the world's musicians; playing upon the keys of social life and influence, let them reproduce and prolong themselves in endless and growing harmonies *forever*. Did the All-Father bestow a talent upon you? Give it away, enrich *others* by it. If *all* would do this with their *varied* talents, then might each one of us be as rich through the riches of others as though the gifts were originally our own. Have you temporal wealth? Give it to the poor. Have you moral wealth? Give it to society to strengthen the pillars of truth. Have you mental wealth? Give it to those who are impoverished therein. Have you spiritual wealth? Gather your Roses of Sharon and your Lilies of the Vale and go forth into the lanes and by-ways and give them by prayer, labor, and faith to those in whose moral gardens these graces never blossomed.

How did the world ever become what it is in art, science, and civilization but by this glorious system of giving? Let us see. One, in dreams by day and night, fondly cherishes a persistent hope. He gives it to the world, and lo! our fair America starts in her virgin loveliness, and from her primeval solitudes rises the most glorious nation upon which the sun ever shone. Another conceives an idea, ponders it, and gives it to the world, and behold! space is

annihilated, and upon the wings of steam we can offer our evening song hundreds of miles from our morning sacrifice. Another brooding thought takes shape, and lo! our whole world is linked together, under seas, over mountains, through forests, skimming prairies by electric nerves as one great heart, one vibration, one emotion thrilling the whole. Out in the June sunshine under an apple-tree another idea slowly dawns into being. That, too, in time, is bestowed upon the world a royal gift, and the stars give up the secrets of their march, and we behold the pillars of the universe and hold the key to sublimest mysteries. Another gives to the world an unpretending gift, a rough, round tube with glasses fixed at either end, and the very heavens unfold themselves like scrolls for us to read, and are made to declare unto us unutterable things concerning the glory of God. "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

God was the first giver. The source and spring of all things himself, he was not willing to enjoy them alone, but created worlds on worlds, systems on systems, circles on circles filled with glorious intelligence, that he might bestow himself upon others, lavishing his gifts upon the objects of his own creation. Ah, what shall we give? what shall we subscribe to this glorious and divine fund? Have we molded a statue? It belongs by divine right to the world. Thus must we render back the improved talent to our Lord; through this ordained channel receives he them all. Have we a beautiful thought? Let us give it to the world and in its path a thousand others shall spring. Have we the gift of song? Then let us set the world to music, bringing sweetest harmonies out of its jarring discords by lifting upon the voice-wings of our song the poor, the weak, the sorrowing away from their strugglings, their weariness, their hopelessness, into the region of hope, of peace, of love. Let our voice, our song be to them as the dialect of angels—cheering, encouraging, and lifting them by the richest heart-strains. Well may the seraph intermit his glorious pæan of praise and listen to such a song only to retune it upon his golden harp in brighter numbers among the heavenly choir.

But in still humbler ways we may exercise this daily common system of benevolence. Open the window-blinds at night that the glow of your fireside cheer may light and gladden the pathway of the wayfarer, and suggest, perchance, to the poor prodigal his own far-away home. Set your plants in the windows that their rich bloom may rejoice other hearts than your own. Hang your rare canary in the side

porch that his sweet, gushing songs may cheer your poor seamstress neighbor or the little cripple-boy next door. Plant a tree in your doorway to shade the stranger that may dwell in your homestead years after you are dead. Ah, give, give, not grudgingly, but freely. Remember that your life-mission is to be a giver. O, steward, hoard not your wealth, whether it be mental, temporal, or spiritual. Hoard not the sunshine, the beauty, the joy of your life from others; hide nothing in a napkin, but give yourself away—away in holiest consecration to God, and away in all loving ministries to his creatures. It is "more blessed to give than to receive." And incalculable, though we take the stars, the leaves, the sands to aid in the counting, will be the interest reaped from your tiny principal.

#### THE MONUMENT OF PROPHECY.

BY MARY C. MORGAN.

THE pillar of prophecy was built up and completed by the hand of God himself. It marked the different eras of his dispensation to mankind. It was erected in honor of one great event in the history of the world; namely, the redemption—to celebrate the glory of one great personage—the Redeemer. Its broad and permanent foundation was laid by the Infinite Wisdom in the first promise to our apostate race. Clouds and mysteries rested upon it for centuries. For many ages it lay neglected and desolate. It was of the most profound interest to all; but few, however, turned aside to look upon its symmetry or to investigate its design. So entirely had it passed away from the thoughts of men that only one family guarded the solemnities and cherished the purpose for which it was laid out. The deluge came, the world was drowned, the pious family alone escaped. Omnipotence perpetuated the foundation amid the desolating sweep of judgments, and when the heaven smiled again there it stood as when first hewn out by the hand of God—the sacred altar before which the bending heart of the obedient Noah offered its earliest sacrifice. Upon it the faithful began seriously to build. Its mottoes assumed first the form of covenant and symbol understood by few. Polished stones and diamonds were successively brought by kings and prophets to adorn and beautify its shaft, bearing obscure inscriptions and concealed mysteries that even those who brought them did not understand. As the ages passed forward this monument, instead of wasting, became stronger and more resistful of the

attempts to dissolve it into dust. Its diamonds multiplied each one, from those of Isaiah to Malachi, bearing hieroglyphics that baffled alike the wisdom of men and the skill of science; but all sufficiently distinct to assure us that they were fitted to their places in the grand column by God himself. At last the builders were called off from its scaffolding, and the night-clouds of four centuries settled upon its top. At the expiration of those centuries it was discovered that the clouds were breaking and slowly dissipating as morning vapors abandon reluctantly their mountain heights beneath the sunbeam fires. All was expectancy, for the period had arrived to prove true or false the pillar of prophecy, and with an unmistakable accuracy to announce its interpretation. High-priests of a noble line extending from Aaron down were there, with Urim and Thummim upon their breast. Crowned and sceptered kings thickened around the mystic shaft. Prophets glowing with a seraph's love, gazed intently along the inscriptions that could now be dimly seen even to the top, and waited with burning anxiety for the outbursting light that was to banish all doubt from their testimony. The humble shepherds, hearing the angel-song ringing over the hills of Judea, broke away from flocks and herds and quickly mingled in the throng of Messiah's expectants. It was the concourse of ages—the congregation of four thousand years. Suddenly one of lofty bearing, of commanding countenance, more beautiful than all the sons of men, whose garments were red and his apparel like unto him that treadeth in the wine-press, appeared in the midst of the anxious and astonished synod, and with a voice sweet as the melody of heaven, calmly said, "This day are all these things fulfilled before your eyes, for the desire of all nations has come." He stretched forth his hand and touched the foundation—it flamed like the topaz of the New Jerusalem, every line of its hieroglyphics gave promise and hope through the seed of the woman. He ascended step by step its bold outline, giving each covenant its stamp, each symbol its substance, each prophecy its fulfillment—all answering in living light to his name, his work. He mounted to its summit, and, impersonating in himself the wonders of the mystic pillar, rolled off the clouds that from ages and generations had enveloped its teachings. The entire structure was ablaze with celestial glories. The enraptured multitude witnessing the verification of all they had seen, heard, or spoken during their long and dreary night, lifted up their voices with shoutings of "Grace! grace!" and sang, "Lo, the Son of God is come."



## PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. G. HAVEN.

LODORÉ HOUSE, NEAR THE FALLS OF LODORÉ, }  
May 15, 1862. }

## THE LAKE DISTRICT AND THE LAKE POETS.

LET me transport you to this spot and hour. It is a lovely evening of an English May. The sun has just made a golden set. But his light lingers longingly in the sky, as loth to follow him to his bed in the cold and restless ocean. Though it is after nine o'clock, one can easily read by the twilight, so high are these English latitudes. Before the neat and quiet hostelry where we sit the Derwentwater lies "silent as a stone" under the mountains that rise near her shores black and grand, and hardly more stonily silent. We are in the Lake District, famed in the verse of England's latest laureates and in the prose of multitudinous tourists. Southey's spirited little poem on the Falls of Lodore made us walk three miles to see if poetry and fact agree. They might, perhaps, in a rainier season. The rocks are here, but most of the water is gone. Like all great scenic affairs in this land, it is small beside the great scenes of America. But the rocks and the water have a wild and romantic look. The lake is more beautiful and the mountains around it more sublime.

Shall I take you on the tour I have for the last three days been pursuing, and that has led us hither? I trust you will not be as weary in walking with your eyes through the description as I have been with my feet in acquiring the materials for it. You may be more. If so, it is well to remember that knowledge always requires some sacrifices of those who would secure it, and if you escape with such small charges as a tired brain imposes, pay your bill without grumbling.

The Lake District, geographically speaking, comprises some eight or ten lakes, from a mile to thirty miles in circuit, and is situated in the north-west corner of England, near the ocean, and is not over forty-five miles in extreme length and breadth. I started on my tour of inspection from Kendal, a queer old town five miles from the lower edge of Windermere, the lowest and most famous of the series. Like the chief personage in the chief poem that is connected with this region—"The excursion"—I was a solitary. Like him I was afoot, and had a pack slung on my shoulder, and, though not a peddler, was picking up what I should afterward sell if I could find any body foolish enough to buy. And so I concluded to follow him to

the end and relieve my solitude as well as increase my information by conversations with travelers or dwellers on the route.

It was a pure English Spring morning. The air was soft and sweet and full of the music of birds. Clouds and mists hung along the sky, not dense enough to betoken rain, and yet enough to subdue the force of the sun. No wonder that this is so great a country for pedestrianizing. It is perfectly fitted for that business, which is most unpleasurable in hot and dusty America. The road, hard, dustless, and smooth almost as polished granite, wound between hedges and walls, the last predominating in this hilly district. Yet these walls have a finished and agreeable aspect, such as they rarely exhibit in our country. They are as carefully built in the wildest and most mountainous places as well as in the roadside and around the homestead, as if they were intended for both ornament and duration. It is a very difficult matter to climb them, and you are compelled to follow the old paths here despite your Yankee cravings for new explorations and Yankee dislike to enforced restraints. I made some attempts to break away from these straight though very circuitous ways, but, like the Southern rebels, ignominiously failed.

The reason of this uniform excellence is not, as is often said, because of the English notion of building for wear, but because nearly all these places are owned by a few wealthy and titled persons, and they enwall the whole land as carefully as an American farmer of wealth, taste, and good sense enwalls his acres. They do this also as much to keep men out as to keep sheep in. Did the poor renters own their farms there would undoubtedly be some variation to the elegant monotony, for freedom, whether social, civil, or religious, has its shady as well as sunny side.

Climbing the hill from the town we halted to rest on the gate of a garden where a man was at work. On inquiring we learned that he was under an overseer, who carried on the farm for the gentleman that resided there, who himself leased it of the corporation of Cambridge University. It struck us oddly that the first spot of land which we should talk about should belong to a university that we had always heard of, and that spot, too, far away from the colleges, and in an out-of-the-way locality. It shows that there are no out-of-the-way localities in England. She is as small and as well known as one of her old and famous mansions. It also showed how difficult it is for the poor to rise here or even to get their living. He was the fourth who was making a living out

of this soil. Now, however rich that soil may be, its fourth root when extracted will hardly amount to much. Yet he had a family of thirteen children, nearly all depending upon him. I advised him to send his grown-up boys to America and follow himself as soon as possible. His eyes brightened as I described the beauty, fertility, and, above all, cheapness of that goodly land. How like a Paradise it looks for the crowded poor of the world!

A moldy, monumental pillar next attracted my attention. I asked a passer-by its object. "It is not known," he replied. "Some suppose it to have been erected by Oliver Cromwell." Another stirring up of historic memories. The past flies up in your face at every step. So the great regicide has planted his name in this soft landscape. Well, the principles for which he contended, but which he practically abandoned, like Napoleon, shall yet prevail over all this land, brought hither from America and from Washington, a far greater than Cromwell or Napoleon, for he knew how to rule his own spirit as well as to subdue one proud and powerful nation and mold another more proud and more powerful.

A mile toward Lake Windermere, whither we are tending, we hurried off to visit a peak from which an admirable view of the lake district, it was said, could be obtained. The beauty of walking in England is in these private foot and wagon paths through the fields. A pleasant stroll through the grass and we halt for directions at a little stone hut hidden in a grove of magnificent sycamores—a tree much resembling our maples. Among its tops great flocks of daws or crows were keeping up a screeching music, such as I have heard some choirs achieve. These birds are probably praising God to the best of their poor ability, and so are free from blame. I wish the same excuse protected the choir. We found the estate belonged to the Earl of Lonsdale, whose residence is twenty-five miles above us. We climbed to the top of Ouderbarrow Scar—a precipitous cliff several hundred feet high and several miles long. The prospect was well worthy of the effort—a broad valley rolling up often into mountains that were really majestic. Every inch of the vale and far up the sides of the hills, and often over their tops, it was turned up as with the spade or sheared with the knife. All through it were scattered little cottages, looking white and comely at this distance, and had they been lords of their little farms the beauty would have been perfect. But not one probably of all these owned a foot of the soil he wrought. And vast spaces miles square were unoccupied

by man. Laid out as carefully as a garden, looking unspeakably lovely in their coats of green and brown and girdles of green or gray, they were desolate and without inhabitant. The lords of the land are shrewd Yankees. They only wish for tenants enough to carry on the farm, and the rents are so high that but few can command the means for leasing any of the land. I asked a stout-looking man on my way hither, plowing in a field, if he rented that lot?

"Ay," he replied.

"For how much?"

"Two pounds an acre, sir."

"How many acres are there?"

"About five."

Fifty dollars rent for that patch of ground! No wonder that he grumbled at the hard times. And that was cheap to what many pay. Twenty-five and even fifty dollars per acre are sometimes paid.

While on this Scar I fell into a very natural blunder for an American. Seeing a moderate sheet of water on my left I supposed I was gazing on Windermere. I went into the raptures appropriated for such occasions, and then set out along the top of the ledge toward it. Walking a couple of miles, and finding a path into the valley, I descended, and inquired at a little stone cottage for Bowness—the town on the lake which I was seeking. The old lady looked surprised, and said I was nowhere near that place. The water I had seen was an inlet of the ocean, and I had a long and tedious tramp to the road from which I had strayed. Reaching it and pursuing it for several miles I overtook a waggon, such a one as Wordsworth celebrates—a simple but most honest man—who kindly showed me a cross path to the village. So, walking a mile through the fields, I struck the brow of the hill, and Windermere lay before me. Some very eminent names in English literature have swelled in enthusiasm over this lake. So you must not call my talk "high-falutin" if I follow suit. I shall fall far short of them. Nestling beneath majestic crags lies a little sheet of water a mile wide and about ten miles long. It is the perfection of quiet beauty. Not a ripple on its surface except a few cut by the oars of dainty-looking boats. An island is in the center, of thirty or forty acres, laid out in parks and walks, for hundreds of years the residence of a titled family. The whole scene but for the hills would be petite, lovely as a babe, yet but a babe. They give it character. Some of them are over three thousand feet high, and they roll and rise in true mountain glory. I did not look for this. I expected but moderate hills. But apart from

the White Mountain district there are no hills in the Atlantic States that will surpass them. The lake is but a pond, the hills are really mountains.

But the real object of our visit was not so much to see the hills and waters as to walk through the region that had been clothed with the garments of imagination. Here had lived poets, wits, and scholars of the last generation. Their eyes had seen, their feet had trodden, their voices of wit, pathos, philosophy, and fancy had filled the region. That hill some lines of Wordsworth consecrates. That scene Kit North has glorified. Scott has sailed this lake, and Coleridge mumbled philosophy and poetry along these paths. What is earth without man? How memories of past genius drape a landscape in richer robes! Aptly and admirably does Ruskin set this forth in his *Lamp of Memory in the Seven Lamps of Architecture*. Go and read it, you who only admire a forest primeval and the savage life that has roamed beneath it.

Our untrained feet were thoroughly tired with their long walk of a dozen miles. The rest of the body and the *spiritus inter* sympathizing with their weariness, we "turned into" the couch Nature had provided, and under the trees, hedges, and cloudy skies with which she had so pleasantly covered it. "Truly our bed was green." Let me give a piece of advice to all pedestrians. When you rest yourselves take off your shoes, for the feet are the hardest worked and the most tired part of you. We have not the Oriental custom of giving our feet full play by using sandals merely, but bandage them up in woolen and leather in as foolish a fashion as the Chinese. We are as ashamed of exposing them as the Oriental ladies are of exposing their faces, and with just as good reason. However, what you may do or not do in good society, when in "our best society," that of nature, and, weary with walking, take your feet out of their prison-house. So did I; and, as Dr. Holmes told Charles Mackay he would soon do, I planted my "feet among the English daisies," and very kindly they greeted and comforted them.

After a sleep which, Coleridge says, probably in this very region first, "is blessed from pole to pole," we put our feet in their fetters and entered the village of Bowness. This is comely for an English town, but bears no approach to the beauty of an American village. The houses are of stone or clay, usually of the latter, one story, dirty, treeless, grassless, yardless, blindless, paintless. This being a watering-place, there were some of a better style of cottages

for lease and lodgings, new and of stone, with occasional bits of shrubbery. But most of the people live here as elsewhere—in the humblest of conditions. Passing through the busy little spot we enter the road to Ambleside. It winds through thick woods and along the margin of the lake that shows the lofty peaks springing from the opposite shore. It soon ascends a hill, the view of which Prof. Wilson thus ecstasizes: "There is the widest breadth of water, the richest foreground of wood, and the most magnificent background of mountains not only in Westmoreland, but, believe us, in all the world." Let no one accuse Americans of extravagance of expression after this. I loitered on the brow of the hill and gazed upon the most perfect landscape "in all the world." It was charming indeed. The land rolled down from our feet rich with verdure. Trees, scattered or combined into thickets, sprinkled it. Beautiful cattle and sheep sauntered over it. The sweet waters of the lake kissed its shore, and beyond the uplifted heads of England's loftiest hills stood stern and calm as couchant lions. But that it touched the top of earthly realities was simply absurd. There are more perfect views on Lake George, in the Shenandoah Valley, and on the Hudson. Far grander ones there must be in Italy and Switzerland, unless their describers are equally wild. There was a lack of sweep and breadth to the picture. This "widest breadth of water in the world" was less than a mile across. It seemed as if you could take all the mountains into your eye as well as all the lake. The sense of completeness gave it a sense of smallness. That stretch of view which our landscape affords gives it that feeling of greatness, as a marching army whose rear lines are invisible wonderfully increases its power.

We drank in the delightful spectacle, and gave it credit for all it deserved. Being near the early and long home of the enthusiastic professor, we turned aside to see it. 'T was on a high hill overlooking the lake. His old garden-er, who lived with him for over twenty years, was there still, and we had the good fortune to talk with him. He showed us the cottage where he wrote most of his brilliant editorials. 'T was a humble house of two low stories, nestling under great trees. A wide-spreading, full-leaved sycamore stood just before it. This was a great favorite with him, and under it he sat many a night all night long meditating his *Noctes*. No wonder his *Noctes* were ambrosial. He undertook to build a better house on a knoll in front of this and commanding a fine view of the lake and mountains, but he was thirteen years in completing it, for he was like

one that began to build but was not able to finish. His early habits were far from economical, and his means, liberal as was his income, were not equal to his ways. So he staid in the little cottage till his children were grown up. He occupied the new house but a few years, leaving it for the Edinburgh University. This house was neat but not spacious. It was set on an open brow under overhanging hills, but in itself would only pass in America for a moderate affair. I was glad to learn that his later habits were strictly moral, temperate, and religious, and the great-hearted, whole-souled Christopher is, we trust, among those who are seeing and enjoying with raptures that need no speech for their revelation the glory which their Savior had with the Father before the world was.

Another mile or two of pleasant walk beside the lake and we pass "Dove's Nest," a Summer home of Mrs. Hemans. Look up on your right. Under yon high hill in that snug recess, half hidden from the eye is a plain, dingy two-story dwelling, looking neglected in itself and its grounds. That is the spot out of which with sad eyes she often gazed down on this road and across the lake, closing her vision with the Furness Fells—a high range that were as the walls of her prison. She was very unhappy when here on account of domestic troubles, and I fancied her in this mountain solitude like Tennyson's Mariana in the Moated Grange. That doleful scene is laid upon a flat, desolate moor. Yet the hearts of the deserted maiden and the deserted wife were not unlike, and the most gifted, save Mrs. Barrett Browning, of all the poetesses in our language, as she gazed on this lovely yet lonely picture, felt the force of those doleful words—

"'He cometh not,' she said;  
She said, 'I am weary, weary—  
O God, that I were dead!'"

A mile of wooded walk and we are in Amble-side. The hills get nearer and the little hamlet climbs their sides and nestles in a very narrow valley between them. It is at the head of the lake and at the foot of the Lake Poets, for the consecrated spots rarely occurring below begin to increase rapidly here. We pause at the threshold, and weary with walking, we seek a home in one of these pleasant dwellings hidden in shrubbery, out of whose window peeps modestly the word "lodgings." This was meant for permanent boarders, for the whole region is a Summer resort. We find access, and delightful ease, and abandon. Whoever wants the true relish of an English home let him try

such quarters as these. The inn, especially if temperance, is pleasant, but this is restful.

Up rose the sun, still hiding his face in Oriental style, but very glorious in this cloudy apparel. The great hills stood out of the darkness, and the little hills rejoiced on every side. The memorials of Wordsworth begin here and stretch about three miles north. In that space all his adult life was passed. Thirty miles further, near the Northern Ocean, was his birth-place, but here the children of his soul were born. An elegant Gothic church close by has four memorial windows dedicated to him, his wife, sister, and daughter. The chief is to Wordsworth. It has three central figures of Moses with the law in his hands, David with crown and harp, and Aaron with priestly robes and the lights and perfections, the Urim and Thummim upon his breast. Around these are Miriam with her tabret, the willows of Babylon with the harps and the wailers, Elijah fed by the divinely-prepared food for his wilderness wanderings, angels with trumpets and other emblems of Scripture and song. It struck us that Peter's vision would have been better than Elijah's smoking table, for if any poet has ever taught us to call nothing in nature common or unclean it is Wordsworth. Far above Milton, Shakspeare, Scott, Homer, and all, did he see and say what God had created and cleansed that we should not call common. But I suppose they shrank from painting the great sheet full of four-footed beasts and creeping things on their handsome window. And so the author of the Idiot Boy, Peter Bell, Goody Blake, and The Cumberland Beggar—he who made a peddler with his staff and pack the hero of his chief poem—lacks his most fitting representation in this memorial window. Veritas is over all of the pannels of each window, and, whether the family coat-of-arms, or the motto of the donors, is the best word that could be used, for truth was his whole being's end and aim. Leaving the church and striking a foot-path we cross the narrow meadows, having the ivy-covered, modest dwelling of Miss Martineau on our right. A little further on and you pass Fox How, the Summer residence of Dr. Arnold, and now occupied by his widow. This is a spacious mansion, hidden in a dense park, with a lawn gliding down from its front—that is, its rear—to the brook that babbles through the meadows. This brook is dignified with a name, and the surname of river, for here almost every brook is a river and every river a brook.

Wind round under the hills half a mile further, and a gorge opens on your left. High and rocky, bare of trees, but covered with a



thin robe of greenness to their summits, they rise before you, behind you, on every side. Enter this gorge, walk a few rods, turn up the hill on your right—remember that we are looking north—go up about an eighth of a mile, enter a gate on your left, and you are in the modest grounds of Rydal Mount—the long and last abode of Wordsworth. It is an old house, plastered and yellow-washed, two-storied, with diamond windows, roomy though not spacious, and has a very comfortable and snug aspect. The walks wind round it, lined with laurel, intermingled with trees and flowers. A lawn opens in front of the house, and a neat old man is raking the grass and sweeping the walks. We approach and address him, and are made welcome. He was his personal servant for twenty-five years, and is kept here by the present proprietor for the benefit of visitors. He takes us a few score of feet to the front edge of the lawn, where it slopes off rapidly. There are some old seats of the poet, where he sat, and looked, and mused. These seats are characteristic of him. They are simply round blocks set in the ground. He would have no settees, rustic or iron. Nature, or as near as he could get to it, was his motto.

The outlook from this slope was very impressive. The Laughrigg Fells rose up immediately before. They call mountains fells here. It is a new word to me, except in a line, I can not remember whose—"I sat me down and mused o'er rock and fell." Behind, rough and precipitous, was Knab Scar. Down the valley was Ambleside and its mountainous background, and at the end of the vision was the northern edge of Windermere. It was certainly a poetic spot, and I did not wonder that these hills had affected the vision and the faculty divine with which he was so largely endowed. The grounds cover several acres, and are plainly yet artistically laid out. Most of it is deep-shaded and it ends in a path to Grasmere, along the side of the mountain. Other wooden blocks are placed where the best prospects open. The servant said, "Master used to pace up and down these walks, talking to himself and rubbing his hand upon his breast inside of his shirt." That was his habit when composing. He said his death was calm and confident, his last request being that no parade should attend his burial. The walk along the side of the mountain to Grasmere was one he was fond of taking, and where he always carried his special friends. So I pursued it. As I passed out of his grounds I spied some violets blossoming under a large tree near a mossy stone. Probably by that same stone the parent of this little flower might have been

blooming when he passed by and turned it to poetic use in the well-known lines—

"A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye,  
Fair as a star when only one  
Is shining in the sky."

Pursuing the mountain path we soon pass the rear of the farm where De Quincey married and spent many days, and where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. It ran up the steep hill-side, and looked wonderfully green and lovely. At its foot, not many rods off, stood the house where these famous oddities lived. A smallish cottage embowered in ivy, and before it lay in exceeding peace the little but lovely Rydal water. A farmer named Simpson dwelt here when these young geniuses flew into the vale and perched on his roof-tree. His daughter Mary was a very handsome girl, and soon the Opium Eater was troubled with other *uspiria de profundis* than those created by that drug. I did not learn whether he was cured of this heart-sickness by getting possession of the fascinating cause or whether the disease of an inflammatory imagination like the other was only increased by indulgence. I have no doubt she was of less injury to him than the opium. All her old neighbors speak in the highest terms of her beauty and amiability. Her home was certainly enough to make her

"The sweetest flower that ever grew  
Beside a human door."

In such a bower, with such exquisite verdure around it, and great woods beside it, and sweet Rydal mere before it, and solemn hills suddenly closing in the vision on every side, how could she be aught but lovely? A happy marriage it was, despite his eccentricities and poverty. Mrs. Wordsworth, I learned, was not so handsome. Having often read that tenderest of his madrigals, the only one in which he seemed to reveal his whole soul, commencing, "She was a phantom of delight," I was a little curious to know if others saw the beauty in her which he beheld. So, overtaking on this walk above Mary De Quincey's home an oldish woman whose hut, like Goody Blake's, was "on the cold hill-side," and who, for aught I know, was the lineal descendant of that successful pray-er, she told me of the beauty of Mary Simpson. I asked her if Mrs. Wordsworth was handsome. "Very or'nary, sir." And Mr. Wordsworth? "Very or'nary, too, sir." His servant, on my saying he thought her handsome, quietly answered, "She might have been to *his* eyes, sir." So "the perfect woman" was all in his eye. He would probably say that his was a poet's eye,

that could detect what never was on sea and land, and as all join in commending her good sense and kind heart, perhaps her real beauty was none the less than that of her outwardly lovelier neighbor.

Before we reached the end of that path a shepherd boy stood in the pasture, and by various phrases was directing his dog far up on the mountain to gather up his sheep. It suggested the storms and the sufferings of the shepherds and the flocks that he so simply yet feelingly described. A mile or more and we come down from our mountain path and enter the vale of Grasmere. This is the most rural of all the lake hamlets. It is in many respects the finest, and it is more than other associated with the poets. Imagine a valley nearly round, about a mile in diameter. Very high hills inclose it on every side. The only visible outlet is toward the north, and this is through a narrow pass and up a high road, whose summit is nearly a thousand feet above the valley. At its lowest part nestles a bit of a lake—a quiet pond; a little too genteel, perhaps, for such a name, but worthy of nothing greater. In this narrow area, shut in on every side, stand three houses, occupied at various times by the poet, and others occupied or frequented by his associates, Coleridge and De Quincey. As soon as we enter it from Rydal we come to the place he first lived in. It is a little story-and-a-half cottage, mortared and whitewashed, looking no better, except for whitewash, than many of the rude huts around it. A little room used as his study is now a little huckster's shop. Here he lived with his sister before he was married, and here he brought his

"Perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, to command."

Behind this cottage he had contrived to secure a little plat of rising ground, with shrubbery, grass, tiny rocks and trees, and from its top-most point an outlook to the grand scenery that surrounded it. Here were penned or rather uttered some of his sweetest ballads and sublimest musings of philosophy divine. He removed hence to the rectory, a comfortable house near the church, and thence to an elegant residence called Allan Bank, at the northern extremity of the valley, and on a high slope under nestling crags, and taking in all the sweep of the hills from its windows. A little above the center of the vale stands the old church of Grasmere, a most venerable pile, having been built many centuries—a quaint, homely structure, with rough pillars, and blackened roof, and old, unpainted square pews and stone flags.

Here he long worshiped. A tablet and medalion head are set up over the old pew where he so often bent in adoration. Its touching simplicity, and honesty, and neighborly region make it worth transcribing:

To the memory of  
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH,  
The true philosopher and poet,  
Who, by the especial calling of  
ALMIGHTY GOD,  
Whether he discoursed on man or nature,  
Failed not to lift the heart  
To Holy Things.  
Tired not of maintaining the cause  
Of the poor and the simple,  
And so in perilous times was raised up  
To be a chief minister  
Not only of noblest poesy,  
But of high and sacred truth.  
This memorial  
Is placed here by his friends and neighbors  
In testimony of  
Respect, Affection, and Gratitude,  
ANNO MDCCCLI.

Behind this gray old pile is a little graveyard, and a well-worn path leads you to three simple slate slabs, which mark the spot where his and her sisters sleep and Wordsworth and his wife. Close by is the grave of his daughter and of two young children, one of whom has some memorial lines of his father's on his head-stone. As they express something of his religious as well as parental love, and are not found in any of his books, we transcribe them. The lad's name was Thomas, and he died Dec. 5, 1812:

"Six months to six years added he remained  
Upon this sinful earth by sin unstained.  
O, blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed  
A child whom every eye that looked on loved  
Support us, teach us calmly to resign  
What we possessed and now is wholly thine."

Nothing could be plainer than the grave of the poet-laureate. His own name and his wife's—for they sleep in the same grave—without date of birth or death, on a low head-stone not two feet high. How like the man! He hated all pretension, said one of his old friends and neighbors talking with me as we stood beside the grave; he disliked all fuss. Once when they were burying some one here, and were making a great parade around the grave, he drew near, paused a moment, and turned away, saying petulantly, "Why do n't they bury him and have done with it?" Some yew-trees which he assisted in planting are near his grave. A brook murmurs in the meadow close beside it, and the mountains, grand and peaceful, with "the most ancient heavens," look down upon him who loved them with so sincere a love, not

for themselves, but for Him who made them and filled them with sacred influences to every seeing eye. Near him sleeps his friend Hartley Coleridge. Early and dangerously wounded in the battle of life, he dragged his ruined body and almost ruined soul painfully through its long and, to all outward sense, useless pilgrimage. May it be hoped that the affecting prayer upon his gravestone was his own Publican prayer that brought him justified to his Father's house—"By thy cross and passion, good Lord, deliver us!"

It was a delicious evening as we left the sweet vale of Grasmere. We climbed the hill that led northward, often looking back to catch closing gleams of its exquisite beauty. The cuckoo sent his soft notes through the heavens, and his words oft recurred to us—

"O, listen, for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound."

Our last glimpse was on a spot that painfully smote upon its tender beauty. A huge heap of stones crowned the summit of the highway, said to have been cast up by Edmund, the Saxon King, on defeating Herr Dunmail, King of Cumberland, A. D. 945. It took us back to savage times and men, nine hundred years ago. As the eye can in a moment look from earth to the stars, so does the soul leap through time in the twinkling of an eye.

Terrible war then had raged through this region, and the hills and heavens had not only seen great-thoughted men looking up to the abyss where the everlasting stars abide, but man raging against his brother in deadly ferocity. Storms beat upon mountains and rage through the heavens. Perhaps this human storm, like those elemental ones, was a needful prerequisite to this present peace. So we bid good-by to Grasmere and the region especially appropriated to Wordsworth's life and labors. We mount a coach fortunately approaching and ride along the base of Helvellyn and the side of Thirlmere about ten miles, and enter the ancient and crowded town of Reswick. It is in the broadest valley of the district, looking unspeakably beautiful with its mountain border. Here Southey lived for nearly fifty years, here he died, and here he lies under the lofty Skiddan. His house was a spacious dwelling, surrounded with trees and lawns. Two of the trees in front of his house were sent from America and planted with his own hands. A thick grove of a hundred feet deep covers the east side of his house, running down a steep hill to the Greta. At its base near the river his seat is still shown, where he sat in pleasant

weather and had his books brought him. The mountains sprang up close to the bank opposite, but the scholar dwelt more upon his books than the trees, waters, and mountains, and here Wesley, Nelson, and other well-told tales in prose and verse were sketched or elaborated. Not far off is another country church-yard, where he sleeps in a plain marble tomb, while inside the church a marble statue keeps him in memory.

Twelve miles from Reswick is Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth. Having followed him so far I thought it no more than right to follow him unto the end, for the beginning was the end to him. The child is father of the man, so I would see what childhood's scenery had to do with manhood's verse. Our walk was on the usual perfection of British roads through the usual perfection of British landscapes, increased in this instance by the lofty range of the Skiddan that skirted the east and like tall towers on the west. For four miles Bassenthwait, one of the finest of the lakes, accompanied us. And thick native woods, through which the road passed for miles, gave an additional and almost an American beauty to the scenery.

A carrier finally gave us a "lift," and we entered Cockermouth on a bag of potatoes in an open cart. Nobody seemed affronted at our style, and an hour's talk with the carrier gave us a chance to exchange knowledges, which we did, I think, to mutual profit. This is a large town near the western ocean. An old castle, built near the times of William the Conqueror, and often a center of bloody strife, stands in its center. A broad street runs through the place, on which, in a plain stone house of fair proportions, Wordsworth was born. Narrow and miserable alleys run into this avenue, and gin-shops by scores deface it. But the Derwent flows gently behind the town, hills lift themselves green and graceful above it, and below it rise the dark mountains that inclose Buttermere. His life begun at the beginning of the lake district and ended near its end. It was an appropriate beginning, and one could easily see that means of the spirit's culture were afforded in the surroundings and supernals of the odd old town. A memorial window in the church here preserves his memory.

We may have wearied you with this talk on the most famous landscape of England, and especially of its most famous resident. The region has grown popular and populous through his revelations. Staring hotels, gaudy and costly mansions are destroying its rurality. But they can not mar its hills and waters. They can not mar its history. It is a monument now of van-

ished greatness. No man of genius now marries with it his higher life. They lie entombed here or in not far distant vales. In noisy cities lie Coleridge, Wilson, and De Quincey. In a like inclosed vale the wondrous Scott; but here their truest and longest friends sleep till the earth and heavens be no more. Then shall they vanish who seem so stable, and these shall appear incorruptible who have here crumbled to naught.

If you dislike Wordsworth you will exceedingly dislike this itinerary. But if you see in him among much which was prosy and perishable, much which shall live to the end of time, then you will endure to read for a few moments what we found worth four days' walking and talking to accumulate. And you may be led by it to a repusal of the most feeling ballads of any land, the most profound perception of the moral being of nature and of man.

We began this at Lodore, within sound of Southey's waterfall, and in sight of St. Herbert's green island, whence he fled to heaven eleven hundred years ago. We finish it close by Epworth Rectory, where he passed his early years, whose life Southey sought to delineate, and who carried far forward toward its consummation the holy work of which St. Herbert assisted in laying the foundations. So, having proved the unity of our work in one respect, if in no other, we shall call it done.

#### VOICES FROM NATURE.

##### THE REIGN OF FIRE: THE REIGN OF WATER.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

#### III.

HAVING made a *reconnaissance* of the vast field which lies before the geological observer, let us ascertain what degree of interest may be derived from a more attentive survey. We go back, then, to the molten period of the earth. We plunge into the depths of the past eternity and behold the terrestrial globe glowing with a fervent heat. What a history to trace from that point of time to this! Continents clothed with verdure and diversified with mountain, hill, and dale—continents spread out upon a thousand courses of solid masonry—are to be derived from this germinal, incandescent mass. It requires an unusual effort of the imagination to leap from the scenes of a modern landscape to an adequate conception of a naked, tenantless, and molten orb enveloped in an atmosphere of deadly elements, and totally unlike the present earth save in its spherical form and its yearly journey round the sun. To the

eye of imagination the forests must vanish in smoke, the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of man must crumble to clay, and sand, and loam; man and all living things must desert the earth and leave it in the motionless and stagnant silence of death; the rivers must dry up in their channels; the ocean must change itself to vapor and flee to the upper limits of the air; the rock-ribbed mountains must yield to the melting touch of fire, and the rigid crust of the earth must dissolve into a yielding and obedient fluid.

Can we place ourselves in view of the scenes which then existed? Creation is in its incipient stages. The long line of events which is to end in placing man in possession of the earth lies before us. Methods and plans are now to be adopted whose carrying out is to be extended into the distant future, and which shall comprehend and provide for the endless variety of exigencies which are to grow out of the gradual development of the destined order of things. How inadequate would be a human intelligence to an occasion like this! But to the mind of the Infinite Intelligence the whole creation already existed, and not a feature of the original plan has been departed from in the long process of its actualization.

What may have been the condition of the earth anterior to its molten state we will not stop here to inquire. Whether it was originally struck off from the sun as a melted mass, and whether it ever existed in the state of an incandescent vapor, are questions which may engage the speculation of the cosmogonist, but are not sufficiently illuminated by well-established facts to fall within the province of geological inquiry.\*

\*A period anterior to any definite arrangement of the materials of the earth seems to be mentioned in Genesis i, 1, 2: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." This primordial condition of things seems also to have been a favorite conception of the poets. What a consistent picture is given by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*!

"Ante, mare et tellus, et quod tegit omnia cœlum,  
Unus erat toto Nature vultus in orbe,  
Quem dixere chaos; rudis indigestaque moles;  
Nec quidquam, nisi pondus iners; congestaque eodem  
Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.  
Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan;  
Nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phœbe;  
Nec circumfuso pendebat in aëre tellus  
Ponderibus librata suis; sic brachia longo  
Margine terrarum porrexerat Amphitrite.  
Quaque fuit tellus, illic et pontus et aër;  
Sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda,  
Lucis egens aër; nulli sua forma manebat."



Geological facts, however, establish a former molten condition of the world. At the temperature which would fuse the mass of the rocks, all the more volatile substances could only exist in the form of an elastic vapor surrounding the earth. All the carbon in the world must have existed in the form of carbonic acid, all the sulphur as sulphurous acid, all the chlorids as chlorhydric acid, all the water as an invisible elastic vapor extending out beyond the present limits of the atmosphere. There could hence be upon the earth no vegetation, no animals, no limestone, no salt, no gypsum, no water. All that we now behold must have been represented by a glowing liquid nucleus enveloped in a dense atmosphere of burning acrid vapors. This orb, by the immutable laws of physics, must have revolved upon its axis and performed its revolutions around the sun. The sun and moon—if the latter existed—must have raised the fiery ocean to a burning tidal wave which rolled around the globe—the type of an action which has continued to the present period. There were also day and night. The sun rose in the morning and sent a lurid ray through the dense refractive atmosphere, and at night sank into the smoke that ascended from a burning world. The morning and evening twilight almost met each other in the midnight zenith, so high and so refractive was the heterogeneous atmosphere. But there was no need of twilight. An ocean of fire sent up to the nocturnal heavens a glare that was more fearful than the poisoned ray of the feebly-shining sun. Here was chaos. Here was the death, and silence, and solitude of the primeval ages, when the Uncreated alone looked on and saw order, and beauty, and life springing from universal discord.

In obedience to the law of thermal equilibrium, which was more ancient even than this primal state of things, the high temperature of the earth would subside through radiation into external space. A crystallization of the least fusible elements would eventually take place in the superficial portions of the molten mass. This process would continue till a crystalline crust had been formed resting upon the liquid center.

It may be objected to this view that the solidified materials would possess superior density, and would accordingly sink into the liquid portions. If this were so the solidification of such a molten mass would either commence at the center or a uniform refrigeration would proceed till the whole would suddenly be consolidated. It is the general belief that the central portions of the earth still remain in a molten

condition, while the habitable exterior is but a comparatively thin crust. If this belief is well founded, the first solidified portions did not descend toward the center. Moreover, we know that in the case of water and several other substances the newly-solidified parts are less dense and float upon the liquid portions. This apparent exception to the law of expansion by heat is accounted for by supposing that when the molecules of the solidifying fluid arrange themselves in a regular crystalline manner they inclose certain minute spaces, so that the resulting crystal is a little more bulky than the unarranged molecules from which it was constructed. And this may be the case even though a cooler temperature has caused them to shrink into closer proximity—for they are never in *contact*—than before crystallization. If this law applies to the refrigeration of water, type-metal, iron, and other substances we may reasonably infer it to be a general law of matter. We should expect, then, that crystals of quartz would float upon molten quartz or solid trap upon molten trap just as solid iron floats upon molten iron or solid ice upon molten ice. We have, therefore, not only evidences of the fact of a forming crust, but also a probable means of accounting for it.

A crust thus forming would be daily ruptured by the tide-wave following the sun and moon around the earth. A mixed conglomerate of crystalline fragments would result. *Granite* is such a rock—an aggregation of broken crystals of *quartz*, *feldspar*, and *mica*, which have been cemented together by subsequent semi-fusion. Other crystals are embraced in the different varieties of granitoid rocks. We have other rocks, as *dolerite*, which consists of all the ordinary minerals cooled in a promiscuous mass. It seems, then, that when we trace a certain succession of events which must occur in accordance with the established laws of physics, we have discovered a series of sequents confirmed by the facts of the rocks themselves. This must always be the case when we reason correctly; and it makes no difference whether we discover this order from the study of the phenomena themselves or predicate the phenomena on the study of the laws which involve them. The lowest and oldest portions of the crust present us with exactly the characters which we should expect.

In the process of refrigeration the stiffening crust would become too large for the nucleus within. This would necessarily result from the more rapid contraction of the highly-heated portions. The crust, therefore, must wrinkle to fit the shrinking nucleus. Thus incipient inequalities of the surface would appear. From

a new-born wrinkle grew the lofty cordillera. A scene of terrific sublimity approaches. As yet no sea existed. No rain had fallen upon the parched and blackened crust. The ocean rested as an elastic vapor upon the earth, and extended out an unknown distance into surrounding space. This vapor was not cloud-like, but intensely hot and invisible. It was a gas. The time had now arrived, however, when the regions surrounding the earth were sufficiently cooled to permit the condensation of this vapor. Clouds began to form; a vail was drawn over the sun; rain for the first time descended, and when an ocean had to be poured from the clouds such a scene arose as could never be repeated. The crust was at first too hot to receive the waters. The torrent as it struck the earth was exploded into vapor which darted back to the clouds. The clouds were thus unrelieved of their burden, and, though they continually poured the ocean forth, they continued to darken and condense till the light of day was shut out, and an age of midnight enshrouded the earth. But what further would result from the friction of descending rain and ascending vapor? The electricity of the elements would be excited. Lightnings darted through the Cimmerian gloom, and world-convolving thunders created echoes through the universe.

"The sky is changed! and such a change! O, night,  
And storm, and darkness!"

#### IV.

A thousand years of storm and lightning have passed, and the primeval tempest is drawing to a close. The waters are now permitted to rest upon the surface; the clouds are exhausted, and the sun breaks through the vail in a more natural and healthful ray. Returning light makes known the change of scene. The surface, which in the preceding age was scorched and arid, is now a universal sea of tepid waters. The earliest ocean enveloped the earth on every hand. A few isolated granite summits, perhaps, protruded above the watery waste. Around their bases careered the surges which gnawed at their foundations. Geology is unable to aver that any of them survived the denudations of this first detrital period. Perhaps the nuclei of some of our oldest mountain summits, though subsequently elevated to their present altitudes, may be regarded as the remnant of the granite knobs that reared their frowning and angular visages above the primordial deep. If so, the erosion of the waves and the battering of the tempests have given to their sides and heads a smooth and bald

rotundity. But more and perhaps all of the original pinnacles of the earth's crust have been leveled to the water's edge and spread upon the floor of the sea. To-day we may gather up the fragments, not from the bottom of the sea, but raised again mountain high and incorporated into the fabric of new-built continents. Sublime ruins! What are the marbles of Nineveh or the columns of the Parthenon in comparison with these hoary relics of nature's primeval structures?

We said that the fury of the waves strewed the bed of the sea with the ruins of these ancient islands. This is no fancy. We behold the demonstration with our own eyes. The ocean's bed was at first composed of rocks that had cooled from a state of fusion. They were the base of the first-formed islands. The *debris* scattered over this foundation would be arranged in layers, as water always arranges such sediments. The coarser particles would be in layers by themselves and the finer by themselves; but the whole would be of the same kind of materials as the rocky islands from which it was derived—the same as the underlying foundation of which those islands were only protruding points. Now, it is a well-known fact that we find every-where reposing upon the rocks of *igneous* origin a bed of assorted or stratified materials composed of the same minerals as the rocks they lie upon. *Granite* or *granitoid* rocks usually form the foundation, and *gneiss* or *gneissoid* rocks the overlying strata. *Gneiss* is composed of the same minerals as *granite*, and differs only in having those materials broken up and then assorted or stratified by water and again solidified. This occurrence of *gneiss*, every-where reposing upon *granite*, is a most interesting and instructive fact, and confirms all that we have said of the denudation of the primitive islands and the universality of the primitive sea.

The erosion of the igneous or crystalline rocks was not the only source of the materials which entered into the constitution of the oldest stratified rocks. It has recently been shown that an important portion of these older strata must have been derived from chemical reactions in the waters of the primeval sea. The limestone of this early period could have had no other origin. Common limestone is composed, as every one knows, of *carbonic acid* and *lime*. Heat, as the manufacturer of lime illustrates, expels the carbonic acid in the form of a gas. Under the high temperatures of the earliest periods, therefore, limestone could not exist. It has already been stated that all the carbon, sulphur, and chlorine in existence must, in those periods,

have been represented by carbonic, sulphuric, and chlorhydric acids, existing in a volatile state, mingled with the other gaseous constituents of the atmosphere, while all the silica of the globe playing the part of an acid would unite with the fixed elements, producing silicates of complex constitution—just such silicates as we actually find entering into the structure of the oldest portions of the earth's crust. The first rains which descended would be charged with the atmospheric acids just mentioned, which, attacking the solid silicates at a high temperature, would, as every analytical chemist knows, produce reactions, resulting in the chlorids of calcium, magnesium, and sodium mingled with sulphates of these bases. The liberated silica would separate, and would be chemically precipitated during the subsequent cooling of the waters in the form of beds of quartz. Such beds we actually find among the very oldest strata, but no where else.

Among the other silicates originally formed is one called *feldspar*—very abundant—and containing, besides alumina, a large per centage of potash and soda. The decomposition of this mineral, which must have taken place on an extensive scale, would result in a clayey hydrate called *kaolin*—which became the basis of many clays and other argillaceous rocks—and soluble silicates of potash and soda. The excess of carbonic acid in the atmosphere would decompose these silicates, liberating the silica, which could thus be added to the quartz of the globe, and giving rise to bicarbonates of potash and soda. These, transported to the ocean, would come in contact with the chlorid of calcium as well as other chlorids, and immediately there would result chlorids of sodium, and potassium, and carbonate of lime. The chlorid of sodium is the salt which gives the characteristic salinity to sea-water. Chlorid of potassium likewise exists in it in smaller quantity. The carbonate of lime being less soluble was, to a great extent, precipitated during the reaction, and thus gave rise to those extensive beds of marble which are known to exist in company with the gneissoid and quartzose rocks constituting the most ancient series of strata.

There seems to be little poetry in the attempt to unravel the thread of chemical reactions which followed each other upon the earth in those dim and twilight ages, but it is certainly an inspiring development of the latest researches that the scepter which chemistry sways over the modern world is the same which she wielded upon the mute atoms of the forming crust.

It seems, then, that a portion of those ancient strata originated from sediments mechanically

deposited, and another portion from chemical precipitates thrown down while the elements were adjusting themselves according to their strongest affinities.

The reader should not imagine that the proofs of these things are afar off. They lie within the scope of his own observation and verification. If you can not gaze upon the frowning summit of Katahdin or the dark and lichen-covered sides of the Adirondacs, nor the up-turned piles of stony lumber which make the ridges of the Appalachians, nor the acres of rocky floor torn up for your inspection along the shores of the upper lakes, examine some of the specimens which nature has brought from those northern regions to your very doors. Scattered over your fields may be found fragments of the underlying unstratified granite. Here, too, are fragments of gneiss having the same appearance, except that the mica scales are arranged in layers across the stone. These came from the strata resting upon the granite. They are the ruins—a second time ruined—of some ancient rocky shore which the fury of the elements has reduced to sand. Here are boulders of quartz, liberated from its ancient combinations and precipitated in the bottom of the sea. Here are boulders of sandstone—vitreous sandstone—better known as “hard-heads,” which consist of grains of quartz produced by the grinding up of some more ancient quartz rock. These grains have been again cemented together, and a convulsion of nature has sent them a second time vagrants over the surface of the earth. Here, too, are fragments of those ancient marbles precipitated at the time when the partners of the ancient chlorids and carbonates formed new copartnerships for life. These all have come from their homes in those northern regions where our continent first raised its head to scowl defiance at the supremacy of tempest and flood. They constitute with numberless specimens of rocks of every other age a grand museum, where every student of nature may roam and study at his pleasure.

The chemical reactions and precipitations and sedimentary accumulations to which we have referred extended over an immense interval of time. During this long period materials accumulated at the bottom of the sea to the thickness of twenty-five thousand feet. Their geographical extent corresponded with that of the primeval sea. We find these rocks on every side of the globe.

Here and there the original granitic summits interrupt their continuity, and show us the sites of the oldest islands. During this long period no animals or plants existed. The at-

mosphere was unfit for respiration; the waters, if not too highly heated, were nevertheless charged with impurities destructive to the life of organized existences. It was a dreary and monotonous age, with nothing of that which now beautifies and diversifies the face of nature. The same sunlight fell upon the heaving waters of that tenantless and gloomy sea, and the same tide-wave was performing its everlasting circuit round the globe. There was little diversity of weather or climate. The continents and mountain ridges which give birth to oceanic and atmospheric currents had not yet appeared above the wave. But there must have been a succession of seasons, and the causes which produced the trade winds must even then have been active. Evaporation must have proceeded at a rapid rate, and condensation and precipitation must have been correspondingly copious. It was probably a stormy period, like the showery season which succeeds the protracted storm of the vernal equinox. This was the AZOIC PERIOD.

"The curtain falls and the scene is changed." The crust now becoming too large for the ever-shrinking nucleus, settles down to a closer fitting around it. The envelope, of course, must wrinkle, and the wrinkles must protrude their ridges in some cases above the waters. The horizontality of the primeval strata is thus broken. In some instances they are burst asunder, and the molten granite is poured out through the fissure. In other cases a huge back is simply elevated a moderate distance above the level of the sea. Weary of his old position the giant in adjusting himself in his new one leaves his elbows protruding. Indeed, if we may carry out this ugly figure, we would say that he settled himself with an entire arm protruding above the waters which swept over North America. Beginning at the coast of Labrador, the arm—or ancient ridge of land—extends south-west to the north shore of Lake Huron. Here is the elbow. The forearm and hand extend thence north-westerly toward the Arctic Ocean. So it seems to be an arrangement of nature that Johnny Bull shall continue to thrust his elbows into the sides of Young America! We acquiesce for the present in this arrangement. Meanwhile spirits will be called from the "vast deep," and life will appear upon the stage in the next act of the drama.

No man's body is as strong as his appetites, but Heaven has corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desire by stinting his strength and contracting his capacities.

#### AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN AND PATRIOTIC WOMEN UPON THEIR DUTIES IN RELATION TO THE WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

MY countrywomen, am I entitled to your ear and your confidence? Then let me speak to you of this war and of your duties in relation to it.

Its origin was marked by the most stupendous fraud and by the most heaven-daring perjury that ever stained the annals of crime. Its design is to strike down the best government that ever blessed our race—a government to which, under God, we owe our all—and to establish in its place an aristocracy or despotism founded upon the degradation and enslavement of our fellow-men. It would blight our civilization and supersede it with a system of essential barbarism. Its progress has been marked with a cold-blooded and diabolical cruelty that shames our civilization and shocks our humanity. Quiet and unoffending citizens in the border States have been maltreated and murdered, their property has been destroyed and their homes wasted, and all because they refused to forswear their country and join those striving for its destruction. The principles of civilized warfare have been discarded by the rebels and a relentless barbarism inaugurated worthy of the savages of the forest. Your sons have been murdered in cold blood. Wounded and bleeding upon the field of carnage, their bodies have been pierced with bayonets and their throats cut by fiends in human form. Struggling for life in the watery element, they have been showered with grape from rebel cannon or used as a target for the sharpshooter. Dead upon the battle-field, their bodies have been mutilated, their flesh thrown to dogs, and their bones made into trinkets for worse than savage show and exultation. Amid such barbarism, and against such barbarians, are we waging this war.

You have a direct interest in its progress and its every conflict. In the person of your sons you stand amid the battle-shout, the clash of steel, and the "garments rolled in blood" upon every field of carnage. The heart of some mother writhes in the dying agony of every patriot soldier. And every soldier grave speaks not only of the warrior fallen, but of the heart riven and crushed.

You have an interest in all its issues. It is to determine whether the Godlike heritage received from our forefathers is to be desolated and destroyed, or whether, when the storm shall have spent its fury and passed by, it is to rise



in sterner and mightier grandeur. It involves the great, the vital questions of civilization, of humanity, and of religion.

We appeal, then, to the patriot and Christian women of the land to lend your aid in carrying on this war. We do not ask you to mingle in the strife of the ensanguined field. The condition of public affairs does not now require this. But there are moral and religious elements which enter into the contest, giving to it not only its moral grandeur and power, but not a small portion even of its material resources. Over all these Heaven has given you a powerful control. They are worth more than armies and navies, for without these armies and navies are powerless.

Give to the Government your earnest moral support, and in order to this grasp in your minds the moral elements involved in this conflict, so that your own moral and religious convictions may be well-founded, clear, and strong.

*The South had suffered no injustice from the Government that would justify its rebellion.* This is evident from the simple fact that while the white population of the North has always exceeded that of the South, and while the North has never lacked suitable men for public trust, the Southern and the weaker section has always furnished a large proportion of the national officers. The free population of the North is 19,128,418; that of the South, 8,361,848. The North is entitled to 183 electoral votes; the South to only 120. Yet the Presidential office has been filled forty-eight years by Southern men and only twenty-four by Northern. And then again it must be confessed that at least two of our Presidents, Pierce and Buchanan, were mere tools of the South; so that practically we may transfer to its credit eight more years of Presidential office. The South has also predominated in nearly the same ratio in the cabinet offices at Washington, in the appointment of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the more important diplomatic offices to foreign nations, and also in all the departments of the Government at home, especially the officers of the army and navy. In addition to all this the North has submitted to a variety of unequal burdens for the benefit of the South. We instance the support of the mail-routes and of the post-office system in the slave States borne by the Government to secure the benefits of the postal system to the sparse and comparatively-unintelligent population of the South. All these things indicate that the rebellion was unprovoked on the part of the Government. Indeed, we might refer to specific instances of national legislation like that which

inaugurated the dark and bloody scenes of Kansas to show how far and how often justice and right have been overslaughed at the demands of the South. In fact, in almost every particular the Government has yielded, and yet yielded, to avoid giving offense to the South and to conciliate its prejudices and feelings. Just as in family discipline, this perpetual yielding to exorbitant demands and this sacrifice of principle in order to *conciliate* have produced their natural results. The South has become a *spoiled* if not *ruined child*.

Then again the same immunities and privileges have been guaranteed to individual citizens, communities, and States in the South as in the North. This rebellion, then, can have no possible justification or excuse from any act, policy, or principle of the Government.

*The treachery of its origin was stupendous.* Men occupying the highest offices in the nation, receiving their emoluments from its treasury and sworn to its support, meeting in midnight conclaves and plotting for its destruction. Thus, every thing is prepared. The treasury is depleted. The navy is scattered, so as to be captured or rendered comparatively useless for months. The troops are stationed at remote and unserviceable points, or in places where escape from rebel power would be impossible. The armories of the North were emptied to fill those of the South. The officers of the army and navy were tampered with and corrupted, and every department and almost every clerkship in Washington filled with sworn traitors to the Government. Has earth ever witnessed a fouler conspiracy? No element of nobleness is found in the origin of this rebellion, but treachery—foul, false, and dishonorable.

Do not fear, then, to assert at all times and everywhere this baseness, treachery, and dishonor.

*The assumption of the right to secede was as false as the manner of it was treacherous.* The Federal Government is a compact of "the people" of the United States and not of the individual States. That insidious and false doctrine of State's rights comprises the logic of this rebellion. It assumes that the allegiance of the citizen is due first to the State, and that his allegiance to the General Government is subordinate to this and may be revoked at will. No doctrine is more false, none more pernicious. Instead of a government it leaves us only a shadow of one, and that may be dissolved at any moment. You have reason to suspect the man who now asserts the *right of a State to secede* of being at heart a secessionist and an enemy to the Government.

*Detect and expose the covert traitors in your neighborhood.* It is indeed mortifying to know that there are such all over the North. No city, or village, or neighborhood is without them. It is hard to define the motives by which they are influenced. But whatever it may be you may be assured that this sympathy with the cause of the rebels exists only where love of country has become extinct, or is subordinated to selfish or party ends. Do not be deceived by their professions of attachment to the Union. Put those professions to the test. Ask them what kind of a Union they would have—if it is not practically such a Union as would grant to the rebels all they demand; such as would restore the foulest traitor among them to place and power. See if that *Shibboleth* of Southern sympathizers—"the Union as it was"—does not hiss upon their tongues. Ask them what they will do to *destroy the rebels* and to *put down* the rebellion; what to punish treason. You will not fail to find them weak, prevaricating, and false. Mark with what zeal they plead "the agitation of ultras in the North" as an excuse for the rebels; how they hunt up a thousand other pretexts without ever once charging *crime* upon the authors of this foulest rebellion that ever disgraced humanity. Mark with what gusto they magnify Federal defeats and rebel triumphs, always receiving the rebel apocryphas as the true revelation. Notice with what emphasis they declare, "*You can not conquer the South.*" The hiss does not more certainly betray the presence and the animus of the serpent.

Do not spare this class of men. Hunt them out. Make the place, the society, the neighborhood too hot for them. Let them know that you have taken the precise gauge of their patriotism and honesty, and that it is about time for them to go and join the rebels. Tell them that they are needed *there* but not *here*. Do not imitate the bad manners of the women of the South, but let their zeal in a bad cause provoke yours in a good.

*Do not shut your eyes to the crime of this rebellion.* That crime is seen not only in the causelessness and treachery of its origin and the essential wickedness of its designs, but also in its terrible results. The waste and destruction of public and private property is incalculable. Whole sections of the country have been devastated and ruined. Authentic documents prove that during the past sixteen months more than *one-tenth* of our noble army—or more than *sixty thousand* soldiers—have been killed upon the battle-field, or have died in the hospitals. We do not include here the maimed and mangled who have been dismissed from the service as

unfit for duty, and many of whom have since died at home. This is a fearful mortality—*sixty thousand lives!* But the loss of life among the rebels has been far greater. Probably not less than eighty or one hundred thousand. The victims of this unholy rebellion even now fall scarcely below *one hundred and fifty thousand!* One year and a half ago they were happy and prosperous at home. Now, having suffered death in its most dreadful forms, their homes shall know them no more. Their blood must rest upon the authors of this rebellion. *The blood of one hundred and fifty thousand men!* What in time or in eternity can wash away the foul stains?

Then, too, the corruption of the morals, the depravation and ruin of multitudes of our young men. Such will escape the perils of the battle-field only to be a curse to themselves and to society. This is an element not to be overlooked in estimating the crime of the rebellion.

Then, again, there comes up the wasting of resources that might have been employed in the redemption of the world. God is robbed. Humanity is defrauded of her right. Our only hope is that God may make even the wrath of man to praise him. This, while it does not mitigate guilt, leaves hope. But the pen has not power to depict an enormity of guilt that eternity only can unvail.

*Strive to kindle anew the spirit of patriotism.* The decay of patriotism in the nation during the past thirty years has been seen and deplored by our wisest and best statesmen. Judge M'Lean went down to his grave mourning over it. This, and this only, made him despair of the republic. This is a disease in the body-politic undermining its very foundation. It must be cured or we are ruined. Victories can not save us without moral renovation. It is unfortunate for us that the disease is most deeply seated in the political and official circles—"the old functionaries"—of the nation. The very atmosphere of Washington has been impregnated with it for a whole generation. Under the influence of this the *feeling* of respect for the Government and the *sense* of obligation to honor and serve it have, to an alarming extent, died out. Hence it is so difficult to make men feel the enormity and the dishonor of the crime of treason. In their eyes Southern rebellion is as honorable as national patriotism. The man who has no patriotism in his soul is incapable of recognizing and feeling the dishonor and the crime of disloyalty. Set your face as a flint upon the subject; let your voice be heard, let your acts tell; teach your sons and your daughters. Implant a genuine patriotism in their hearts. Let the love of country and of

God grow up side by side within them. The leaven will work. It may be slow in reaching the places where the disease has festered and corrupted so long; but if a spirit of lofty patriotism can be awakened in the women of the land the influence of it may be felt; it will acquire a wider scope, a more resistless power. *The whole lump will be leavened.*

*Contribute to the right formation of public sentiment.* This unholy rebellion sprung from slavery, and the barbarism with which it has been conducted on the part of the rebels is the legitimate offspring of the same system. Yet there is a strange leaning in certain social circles to ostracize antislaveryism as "low bred," and to regard the slaveholder with special favor. It is a corrupt social feeling that will regard the ownership of "the pound of flesh," and the privilege of fattening upon the unrequited toil of the downtrodden slave, a reason for conferring social immunities and distinctions instead of branding such with dishonor. The pernicious influence of the above sentiment is seen in our exaggerated estimate of Southern character, chivalry, and civilization. Of this the war itself will be the best and most effectual corrective. Northern sentiment on this subject has already undergone a remarkable and radical change. Pretension and assumption, which so long passed unquestioned, have now been stripped of their mask, and are displayed in all their naked deformity. Its pernicious influence has also been sadly manifested hitherto in the conduct of the war, and especially in the consideration given to the persons of rebels and the protection given to their property. Rectify public sentiment, and you will at the same time rectify Government action. Demand that this war shall be prosecuted with vigor, and that all the enginery of the Government shall be employed to crush out the rebellion without regard to the fate and fortune of slavery or any other institution leagued in the unholy conspiracy. Demand that, if you consent for your sons to enter the field, they shall not be humbled in their manhood and shamed in their patriotism by being compelled to guard the property of rebels and traitors, or to hunt up and return their fugitive slaves; but that they shall be permitted to go forth and hurl destruction upon the enemies of their country. Demand that our ill-timed leniency to rebel bushwhackers and murderers shall cease; that our men shall not go hungry when rebel storehouses are within reach; that our veneration for slavery shall be superseded by a just appreciation of its essential barbarism. Nay, demand, if need be, the utter overthrow of slavery itself as a system

utterly incompatible with the principle of self-government among men.

*Listen to no words of compromise.* It would only prove a snare. Be not deceived with the cry of "peace." There is no peace; there can be none till victory perches upon our banners and our flag waves in triumph over every redeemed State. Do not dream of peace till then. Do not let others dream of it. It is a craven or a traitor heart that would purchase peace with dishonor. A peace so purchased would be only the deceptive prelude of a more fearful ruin. No, let the sentiment be written upon every heart, uttered by every tongue, and acted in every life—"no compromise with rebels. The Government, it must and shall be preserved."

*Do not shrink at the sacrifices to be made.* We can not reasonably expect to have unvarying success in the conduct of the war. Disaster and defeat will sometimes come. How shall we meet them? The timid will say, "Better give up; better let the South go." If it was merely to "let the South go," and that was to be the end of it, we would join in the exclamation and say, "let them go." But this is not all. The South would come back to plague us. Our Government once broken up, who shall restore it? Its disintegration once successfully commenced, who can tell where it will end? You desire peace, and therefore cry out, "let the war stop." How long would a peace established upon false principles last? Scarcely till the ink with which it was recorded was dry. You stand appalled at the sacrifice of life; the dark shadow crosses your own threshold, and you cry out, "let the war stop to save the sacrifice of life and blood." Has it never occurred to you that the attempt to save life by the sacrifice of our nationality is vain? Our only security for life and property is in a good Government, firm and firmly established. Destroy the Government and blood will then begin to flow in a thousand rivulets; and it will continue to flow—without purpose, without aim, without result, save that the whole land would be desolated and ruined. No, we must prosecute the war *to save life.*

Then, again, when we not only have the power but are clearly in the right before the world and in the sight of Heaven, and especially when we are charged with the grand mission of humanity, would it not be pusillanimous to give up because we were called to sacrifice and suffer? During the war of 1812 General Hull was defeated near Detroit with great loss. In North-Western Ohio, while mothers were bewailing their lost sons, a noble, patriotic woman rose up in their midst and exclaimed,

"Why are you here weeping? Every thing is at stake. Bring forth the rest of your sons. If they fall we will fight ourselves. We must never give up the conflict." That patriot mother has probably been gathered long since to her fathers. But she lived to see the banners of her country waving in triumph. Not only so, but the spirit of her patriotism even now glows in the hearts of her descendants, and several of her grandsons have been distinguished for gallantry upon our hard-fought battle-fields in the present war. Where is the patriotic Christian woman who is not ready, even though it crush her own heart, to make the same sacrifice in her country's cause?

*Our sick and wounded soldiers are entitled to your kind offices.* For us they have left home; for us they endure the fatigues and brave the perils of war. Not only are they imperiled upon the battle-field, but danger, exposure, and privation attend them every-where. The most ample provision of the Government under the direction of officers both honest and competent can not always secure comfort for the men; but, alas! it too often happens that their discomfort is aggravated by the control of officers who, if they comprehend their duty, yet lack the capacity to execute it. Many of them are wasted by long and toilsome marches, often destitute of needed food, with garments tattered and soiled, and with feet shoeless and bloody. You may find them in hospitals, in tents, and sometimes with no other protection than the broad canopy of heaven; sick in body, sick at heart, homesick; attenuated, wasted to a thinness and a ghastliness seen no where save in those places where sick soldiers are found. Your son may not be there, but it is *somebody's son*, *somebody's husband*, *somebody's father* or brother. Their homes, perhaps, are homes of plenty, of beauty, and of love. They can not get there now. They must die and drop into a stranger's grave. But why are they not where loving hearts and willing hands would minister to them? Because they went forth to suffer and to die that we might not be despoiled of our glorious heritage. The homes that would open wide for their reception, the hearts that would yearn over them in tenderest sympathy, and the hands that would minister to them joyfully, are far away. Who shall take the place of the distant mother? Shall it not be you? If you can not do it in person you may do it by the ministrations of some little article of food, of clothing, or of delicacy, such as will at once nourish and comfort the sick soldier and cheer his heart.

Have you been awake to this obligation?

Have you considered how much even by these silent acts of beneficence you may contribute to the success of our country's cause? Remote as you may be from the field of strife, you are not so remote but that your benefactions may reach their destined end and accomplish their desired object. Let your benevolence, then, be practically exercised in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers.

*Care for the family the soldier has left behind him.* In all our land there is not a neighborhood where such families may not be found. In our large cities and villages they may be numbered by scores. Many a mother is compelled to toil day and night, and yet her little children are half-naked and too often are superfluous and hungry. Many an aged widow who has given her only son to the service of the country is left penniless and too often destitute of food.

But some will inquire, are not the soldiers paid? Why do they not send home their wages and support their own families? My friend, with little better opportunities for information, and with a little more generosity of heart, I am persuaded you would never have asked that question. Look at the facts. The soldier's pay is only \$13 per month. Besides that he is yearly furnished with a military suit, renewed on special emergencies, and also with his "rations"—hard biscuit, salt pork, and coffee. In his long and rapid marches his clothes often give out, and repairs or new supplies are not unfrequently made at his own expense. The quartermaster is often unable to provide his rations, and the soldier must resort to the sutler to avoid starvation. Exorbitant prices are necessarily paid for every extra thus purchased, and a month's salary is often consumed in a single week. But suppose the incidental expenses of the soldier amount only to one dollar per week, that will leave but two dollars for his family—scarcely enough to pay their rent, and leaving the heavy expenses of food and clothing wholly unprovided for. Yet this is the way thousands of the families of our soldiers get along. Then there is another thing to be considered. Payments are not made regularly. Some regiments have gone month after month unpaid. Then many of our soldiers are prisoners of war in the South, and have no means of communication with their families. Others are sick in distant hospitals, and not a few are dead and buried, while their families, pining in want, are still ignorant of their sad fate.

Here is an incident vouched for by a cotemporary, and it is only one of a thousand: An



old lady had two sons, both of whom joined the army. They were poor. The sons, however, remitted all their pay to their beloved mother, and by this means she lived very well. One was killed in battle. Soon after the other was stricken down with fever, and lay in a hospital far away. For months this good old woman attempted to support herself with the needle. The son in the hospital recovering managed to receive his pay, and he sent it all, not reserving a single cent for himself. Who is there in the community that would have seen that old lady suffer? Yet, night after night, mourning over the death of her dear boy, she went to bed hungry.

We should remember that the families of volunteers are a sacred charge to those of us who remain at home. The faith of every man in the community is pledged against their suffering, and the citizen, and especially the Christian woman, who does not remember this fact and contribute to the support of the destitute is derelict in a high and solemn duty. The soldiers are fighting our battles, they are sustaining all that is precious to us. To do this they sacrifice home and endure untold hardships. Will we add to their tortures the knowledge that their wives, or their little children, or their helpless parents are suffering for bread?

*Finally, pray for our country.* God is the same God that heard the prayers of his ancient people in the day of their calamity, and turned away from them the fierceness of his wrath. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Pray earnestly, pray fervently, pray constantly. If we need more of the fighting quality in some of our generals, we also need more of the praying quality among many of our Christians. Good praying has sometimes been as efficient as good fighting in achieving victories. Indeed, in a good cause good praying is but the prelude of good fighting. Ye praying souls, who have power to prevail with God, the God of battles may, in a thousand hidden ways, grant answers to your prayers. Could we only stir up the heart of every sincere Christian to make daily special and earnest prayer for our country, we should expect speedy deliverance wrought by the hand of God. From the reading of these pages, then, O Christian, enter thy closet. Enter to wrestle with thy God.

To cure us of our immoderate love of gain we should seriously consider how many goods there are that money will not purchase, and these the best, and how many evils there are that money will not remedy, and these the worst.

## WORDS AND THEIR POWER.

LEAVING the lofty notions of words, and coming down to the every-day world of books and men, we observe many queer developments of the cozenage of language. The most fluent men seem the most influential. All classes seem to depend upon words. Principles are nothing in comparison with speech. A politician is accused of corruption, inconsistency, and loving number one more than number ten thousand. Straightway he floods the country with words, and is honorably acquitted. A gentleman of far-reaching and purse-reaching intelligence concocts twenty millions of pills and "works" them off to agents, and, in the end, transfers the whole from his laboratory to the stomachs of an injured and oppressed people by means of—words. Miss A. stabs the spotless name of Mrs. P. with a word-stiletto. The poisonous breath of a venomous fanatic molds itself into syllables, and lo! a sect of Christians is struck with leprosy.

An author wishes to be sublime, but has no fire in him to give sparkle and heat to his compositions. His ideas are milk and water-logged, feeble, commonplace, nerveless, witless, and soulless; or his thoughts are ballasted with lead instead of being winged with inspiration. "What shall I do?" he cries in the most plaintive terms of aspiring stupidity. Poor poetaster! do not despair; take to thy dictionary—drench thy thin blood with gin—learn the power of words. Pile the Ossa of Rant on the Pelion of Hyperbole, and thy small fraction of the Trite shall be exalted to the heights of the sublime, and the admiring gaze of many people shall be fixed upon it, and the coin shall jingle in thy pocket, and thou shalt be denominated great. But if thy poor pate be incapable of the daring even in expression, then grope dubiously in the dismal swamps of verbiage, and let thy mind's fingers feel after spongy and dropsical words, out of which little sense can be squeezed, and arrange the oozy epithets and unsubstantial substantives into lines, and out of the very depths of Bathos thou shalt arise a sort of mud-Venus, and men shall mistake thee for her that rose from the sea, and the coin shall still clink in thy fob, and thou shalt be called beautiful. Such is the omnipotence of words. They can exalt the little; they can depress the high; a ponderous polysyllable will break the chain of an argument or crack the pate of a thought, as a mace or a battle-ax could split the crown of a soldier in the elder time.

"The brave man's courage and the student's lore  
Are but as tools his secret ends to work."

**THE DIM AND DISTANT.**

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

Across the dismal reaches of plain that round me lie  
I see the far, gray mountains relieved against the sky;  
The sifted sunlight brightens, the west winds softer  
blow,  
And flowers fade not so quickly in those distant fields  
I know.

The rocks, whose dark, gray masses rise beetling o'er  
the way,  
Are crowned with golden glories as the sunbeams round  
them play;  
Even the deep'ning shadows that the grassy hollows  
bear  
Are seen but as new beauties that their dew-damp  
sides may wear.

I can not see the thorns that amid the roses hide,  
Nor the rank and pois'nous weeds upspringing by their  
side;  
That dim and distant region more blest than this must  
be,  
With its sunlight and its shadow, its roses' fragrantcy.  
And so it is with life; the slow incoming years,  
Because so dim and distant, seem all too bright for  
tears;  
The joys that sometime blessed us and those that  
crown us now,  
Can ne'er be bright as those that crown the Future's  
brow.  
The griefs that now surround us look darker nearer  
by;  
Shadows are pale that ever upon the future lie;  
Forever dim the sunshine that the gray-hued present  
wears,  
And bright the dark'ning shadows the dim and dis-  
tant bears.

**BABY BURR.**

BY SALLIE CRAVEN.

SOFTLY falls the Summer sunlight,  
And the birds are full of glee,  
But the world is dark as midnight  
And as still as still can be;  
For a brighter light has left us  
And a sweeter music fled;  
O, our hearts are bowed within us  
Since our baby Burr is dead.  
Dead! O, word of awful meaning,  
Can it be that he is dead?  
He on whom our hopes were centered,  
Who such gladness round us shed?  
Little opening snowy blossom,  
Ne'er, we thought, was one so rare;  
Was it strange that Death should envy  
Earth a flower so strangely fair?  
How he kissed the little forehead  
Till it changed to marble white,  
And the rosy lips grew silent,  
And the blue eyes lost their light!

Now he 's in a tiny coffin;  
On his fair, unheaving breast  
Dimpled hands are meekly folded,  
Snowy rosebuds in them pressed.

But his little sinless spirit  
Is not in the lonely tomb,  
For the loving Savior's bosom  
Wears its radiant, fadeless bloom.  
Cease, fond hearts, then, cease repining,  
Soon these partings will be o'er;  
Soon again we'll clasp our darling  
On the bright eternal shore.

**DAY AND NIGHT.**

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

ONE evening my Margery and I  
Sat watching—blissfully alone—  
The splendor creeping down the sky,  
The darkness climbing to its throne.

The sun was somewhere in the west,  
We knew it by the jets of light  
That leaped against the evening's breast;  
But he was sunken out of sight.

And as we marked the gleams that gave  
To twilight transient hues of dawn,  
The night, that painter pale and grave,  
Brushed out the lines that day had drawn;

On lake and landscape, cloud and sky,  
With purple shades blurred all the parts;  
Until we felt—my love and I—  
An evening in our very hearts.

And so I said—her hand in mine,  
Her head against my shoulder laid—  
"In all things, Margery, lurks some sign  
Which to interpret makes afraid;

And while the sunlight, always fair,  
Is symbol, sweet, of what thou art,  
This hour that darkens all the air  
Reveals my own sad counterpart.

Day dies with the approach of night;  
Thus do I read the fatal sign:  
Thy life, with its irradiate light,  
Will perish if 't is linked with mine."

Straightway she answered, while a glance  
Of lustrous meaning lit her eye,  
"The shades of life its lights enhance,  
And I for love of thee would die.

Yet day dies not, but being drawn  
Beyond itself—so love is given—  
Makes for the night a silver dawn  
And gains—a twilight glimpse of heaven."

WHEN gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,  
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise,  
For benefits received, propitious Heaven  
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,  
And doubles all its blessings.

# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cabinet.

THE BARREN FIG-TREE; OR, A FRUITLESS LIFE.—  
"He also spoke this parable: A certain man had a fig-tree planted in his vineyard, and he came and sought fruit thereon," etc. Luke xiii, 5-10.

This is a pictorial representation of three objects: the Jewish nation; the great God; and the merciful Redeemer of man. The first is represented by the barren fig-tree; the second, by the owner of the vineyard in which it grew; the third, by the vine-dresser, who intercedes for its continuance, and resolves on special efforts for its improvement. We shall look upon the parable in a wider application, and seek to derive from it practical instructions for ourselves. The great idea I wish to bring out before you and impress upon your hearts is, that of a *fruitless human life*. Let us notice—

I. THE UNREASONABLE CHARACTER OF A FRUITLESS LIFE. There are three facts connected with this fig-tree which justified the owner in expecting fruit—a good position, a cultivating agent, and a sufficiency of time. 1. *It had a good position.* It was planted not in a barren desert, not in a wild wilderness, not on an unprotected common, but in a "vineyard." The Jewish nation had a splendid position: "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt," etc. Psalm lxxx, 1-11. "He planted it with the choicest vines, and built a tower in the midst of it, also a vine-press thereon," etc. Isaiah v, 2. Palestine, the land in which they lived, was full of moral significance; the spirit of poetry and of God overhung its mountains and breathed through its valleys.

2. *It had a cultivating agent.* "The dresser of his vineyard." This vine-dresser may represent the whole machinery of spiritual means; the temple that stood in Palestine for ages, with its gleaming Shekinah and suggestive ceremonies; the priests that offered sacrifices; the prophets that thundered their warnings; and the bards that sung of "the good things to come." The tree was not left in a good soil without any attendants: it had every attention.

3. *It had a sufficiency of time.* "Three years he came seeking fruit," etc. It is said that the Jew gave up the tree as barren, if it did not bear fruit in three years; sufficient time, therefore, was allowed it. How long did God bear with the Jewish nation? He came to them year after year, century after century, till they filled up the measure of their iniquities and their case became hopeless. He came to them in three ways—by Moses, their great lawgiver; by the prophets; and by Christ. The unfruitfulness of the Jewish nation, therefore, was most unreasonable. God had a right to expect fruit from them. But how much more so with

you, seeing the good position you are placed in for fruitfulness! A land of light and liberty, of temples, ministers, and Bibles; a land filled with the stirring memories of millions of sainted souls! What cultivating agencies are brought to bear on you every day, and how long have you been allowed to continue on trial! How much more than three years! Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy years! God expects fruit from you—*fruit*: not talk, not profession, but, fruit, the organic produce of a holy inward life. How unreasonable is your fruitless life!

II. THE THREATENED DOOM OF A FRUITLESS LIFE. "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" But why cut it down?

1. *Because it occupies the position which others might occupy with greater advantage.* Look at that tree in your garden; year after year it remains fruitless—it occupies a position in which another tree might produce abundant fruit. So with a fruitless man. Were other men in your position, how holy and useful they might be!—you are in the way—you are cumberers of the ground. Had your children some one else to guide them, your servants some one else to employ them, your minister some one else to preach to, what good might be accomplished! You are in the way.

2. *Because it appropriates blessing which might be better used by others.* Not only does the barren tree occupy a position which a faithful one might occupy with greater advantage, but it drinks up the nourishment from the soil which would go to support the fruit-bearing tree. How useful might the business you conduct be in other hands! What good the money you are expending might do were it in the hands of others! and the books that you are monopolizing were they in the possession of others! You are an injury; you must be cut down.

3. *Because it prevents the genial influences of heaven falling on other life.* See the barren tree in the garden; its wide branches, covered perhaps with luxuriant foliage, catch the dew, and prevent it from falling on the plants below and shade them from the quickening sun. It throws a chilling shadow over all beneath it; it is so with you. Divine light falls on you, but you do not reflect it; you spread a moral shadow over all within your reach. It is just, therefore, you should be cut down. You are an injury to the universe; you are like

"The noisome weeds that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers."

III. THE INTERPOSITION OF MERCY ON BEHALF OF A FRUITLESS LIFE. "Lord let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear

fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Here is a picture of redeeming mercy.

1. *Here is a picture of redeeming mercy interceding for its continuation.* Mercy interceded through Abraham for Sodom; mercy interceded through Moses for the Israelites in the wilderness; mercy interceded through the prayer of the Church for the wicked. But Christ is the great organ of interceding mercy—"he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Because of his intercession wicked men are allowed to live on this earth; he wards off the blow of Justice. "The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are resolved, I bear up the pillars of it."

2. *Here is a picture of redeeming mercy resolving on special efforts for improvement.* "I shall dig about it and dung it"—put forth special efforts for its improvement. Mercy made special efforts for the antediluvians by the preaching of Noah; special efforts for Sodom and Gomorrah by the warning of angels; special efforts for Jerusalem by the ministry of Christ and his apostles, before its final overthrow. And now you are constantly favored with special efforts made for the conversion of sinners.

3. *Here is a picture of redeeming mercy, agreeing to yield it up to justice in case of a failure.* "If it bear fruit, well." Well for it—it shall continue to enjoy the blessings of nature; well for the owner—he shall realize his expectations; well for me—it shall gratify my heart; well for the universe—it shall be an instrument of good. "But if not, then thou shalt cut it down." Then let thy blow descend; then remove it from the garden as a cumberer of the ground; then consign it to the flames. When the year is up, and no improvement has taken place, mercy bids a reluctant adieu, and leaves the fruitless life to justice.

How many of you, my readers, are fruitless, so far as good works are concerned! "What have you done?" etc. Let me urge you to consider your ways. Life is passing away. The end of your existence, and all the means and blessings therewith, is usefulness.

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not."

THE PERSECUTIONS OF AN ENEMY BENEFICIAL TO THE SOUL.—"Thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me." *Psa. xviii, 48.*

A man was often complaining of the annoyance of an enemy, plainly showing that his heart was filled with hatred, and that, were opportunity to offer, he would not neglect to retaliate the hostility. This person Gott-hold took aside and thus admonished: You are always talking of your enemy, but be assured that he to whom you give the name can do you no harm, so long as you trust in God and follow after that which is good. Be upon your guard against yourself. Open enemies are far less dangerous than secret ones. The carnal man is really hostile to himself, when he indulges hatred, and meditates revenge against those of whose hostility he complains, inasmuch as he thereby makes an enemy of God, who hates all unplaceable and malevolent dispositions. With due consideration, your supposed enemy may become the means of doing you so much good, that you will have reason to esteem him as your friend, and thank God on his account. An

enemy is often like a medicine, which at first sickens and disorders the stomach, but afterward removes the malady and restores the health. An enemy teaches us to walk circumspectly; we must always be afraid of his sharp and hostile observation, and know that he will mark our halting, and publish it abroad to our shame and injury. An enemy impels us to prayer, and teaches us to place a higher value upon the friendship of God. An enemy exercises us in patience, confirms our faith, tests our charity, implants meekness, crushes pride, weans us from the world, and sweetens to us the prospect of heaven. Unless the fire and hammer do their part, the shapeless lump of gold can never become the goblet which graces a monarch's table; and just as little, without tribulation, can carnal men be converted into pious Christians. Look less, then, at the hammer than at the hand which wields it for your good. My God! how shall I thank thee for having made even the wrath and bitterness, the slander and envy, of my enemies subservient to my best interests! They thought it for evil against me, but thou hast turned their malice into the means of my edification. The world's enmity has made thee and me the best of friends.

THE ANTIDOTE TO MELANCHOLY.—"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" *Matt. xxvi, 10.*

Gott-hold proceeded: If you will take my advice, I will suggest to you an excellent antidote to despondency and care. Choose some pious and familiar friend, to whom you can boldly disclose your trouble, and thereby relieve your burdened heart. The man who has a heavy load to bear, and far to go, and none to help him, soon tires and sinks; but if he share the load with a kind-hearted comrade, he can proceed a greater distance. It is the same with the sorrows of this troubled life. Our Savior himself, in the depths of his agony, sought comfort from his disciples, and repeatedly came to them, saying, *Could ye not watch with me one hour?* *Matt. xxvi, 10.* Lord Jesus, well dost thou know the feelings of a disconsolate heart. For thy sorrow's sake, help all the sorrowful, and lighten all hearts oppressed with care.

PREMONITIONS BY DREAMS.—"Nebuchadnezzar dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him." *Daniel ii, 1.*

In February, 1786, Professor Meyer of Halle was sent for by one of his pupils, a medical student, who lay dangerously ill. The patient told him that he should certainly die, having had a warning dream to that effect. "I wrote it down," he added, "the morning after it happened and laid it in a drawer, of which this is the key; when I am gone read it over." On the 4th of March the student died. Professor Meyer opened the drawer of the writing-desk, in which he found this narration: "I thought I was walking in the church-yard of Halle, and admiring the number of excellent epitaphs which are cut on the gravestones there. Passing from one to another, I was struck by a plain tombstone, of which I went to read the inscription. With surprise I found upon it my fore-names and surname, and that I died on the 4th of March. With progressive anxiety I tried to read the date of the year; but I thought there was moss over the fourth cipher of 178—. I picked up a stone to scrape the figures clean, and just as I began to distinguish a 6, with fearful palpitation I awoke."



## Notes and Queries.

**DIVISIONS OF TIME.**—It is our present purpose to exhibit briefly the various ideas and terms generally used in the division of time. Duration has been marked by motion and action by all nations and peoples. An instant is really no time. It is from the Latin *instans*, present, and properly has no length whatever, as motion and action require time, and can not strictly be instantaneous. The term moment is from the Latin *momentum*, a moment. One has correctly said, "An infinite number of instants amounts to nothing." A *period* is from a Greek word signifying a circuit of the sun or moon, etc.—a portion of time limited in any way. From this word we have periodical, recurring at regular intervals.

We have solar and sidereal days. Solar is from the Latin *sol*, the sun, and sidereal, from the Latin *sidus*, a star. Such a day "is a period equivalent to the interval between two successive 'southings' of the same fixed star." From the Latin *dies*, a day, we have diary, a book in which we record the events of the day. We have also diurnal, performed in the period of a day. From the Greek word for day, we have the term ephemeral, during a day. We also use another word meaning day, from the French term *jour*. Hence journal, journey, journeyman, etc.

The day we divide into morning and evening. Morning begins at midnight and ends at midday, or noon. From the French we have *matin*, the morning, and the Latin *vesper*, the evening. We have meridian from the Latin *meridies*, noon. Then the *antemeridian*, pertaining to the forenoon, and *postmeridian*, pertaining to the afternoon.

There is also the space called night, in the Latin *nox*, the night. Then comes nocturnal, as the nightly or nocturnal shades. A year is the period in which the earth makes her journey around the sun. From the Latin term for year, *annus*, we get the word annually; that is, during every year.

Among the ancient Greeks the term *Olympiad* was a period of four years, called after the ancient city of *Olympia*. This computation commenced 776 years before the Christian era, and twenty-three years before the foundation of the city of Rome. A *cycle* is a circle of years, and the word is from the Greek, signifying a circle. The cycle of the moon is nineteen years, at the end of which the new and full moons return on the same day of the month. The cycle of the sun is a period of twenty-eight years, at the end of which the letters by which Sunday is marked in the almanac return to their former order. The first seven days of January are marked by the first seven letters of the alphabet; that is, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. If the first day of January should be Sunday, A would be the Dominical, or Sunday, letter for that year. If the second day should be Sunday, then B would be the Dominical letter, and so on. An *epoch* is a point from which dates are numerated. The birth of the Savior is the epoch from which we date our time. An *era* is an account of time from some epoch. A month is a

period from one moon to another, which is twenty-nine days, twelve hours, and forty-four minutes, and three seconds. This period is called *lunar*, from the Latin term *luna*, the moon. A *calendar* is a register of the months, weeks, and days of the year, as found in the calendar. These months are called and defined as follows: January, the first, has its name from the god *Janus*, to whom the Romans dedicated it; February, called from the Latin *Februo*, to purify by sacrifices, as in this month the people were thus purified. March had its name from *Mars*, the god of war; April, from the Latin *aperio*, to open, an allusion to the opening of the buds; May, so called in honor of the goddess *Maia*; June, in honor of *Junius Brutus*. July was named in honor of Julius Cæsar; August, in honor of Augustus Cæsar; September, from the Latin *Septem*, seven, because this was the seventh month of the old Roman year; October, from *octo*, eight; November, from *novem*, nine; and December, from *decem*, ten. The *calends*, among the Romans, was the first day of each month. The *nones*, in the Roman calendar, were the fifth days of the months January, February, April, June, August, September, November, and December, and the seventh days of March, May, July, and October. The *nones* preceded the *ides* by nine days; hence the name *nonus*, ninth. The *ides*, in the Roman calendar, were the fifteenth days of March, May, July, and October, and the thirteenth of the other months.

In our week we have seven days; the first is called Sunday, because anciently it was dedicated to the worship of the sun; Monday, or moonday, because it was also dedicated to the worship of the moon; Tuesday, from the god *Tuisco*, the Mars of the ancient Germans; Wednesday, from *Woden* or *Odin*, a deity of the ancient nations of Northern Europe; Thursday, so called by being dedicated to the worship of *Thor*, the god of thunder; Friday, from the goddess *Friga*, the Venus of the ancient Germans; Saturday, from being dedicated to the god *Sætor*, corresponding to the Roman Saturn. A. C.

"FIRST NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA."—Repository vs. Bancroft! "Who is right?" As your correspondent in the Repository, for June, shows a discrepancy between the statement of our "great historian" and that of the Repository in regard to the date of the "first newspaper on the continent," I take the liberty of sending the following extract from the new American Cyclopædia: "The first newspaper in the United States was issued at Boston, September 25, 1690. It immediately attracted the attention of the Colonial Legislature, which declared that its publication was contrary to law, and that it contained 'reflections of a very high nature.' The authorities probably prohibited the further publication, for a second number does not seem to have been issued, and only one copy of No. 1 is known to be in existence, which is in the State paper office at London, and is a small sheet of four quarto pages, one

of them blank. Its contents record passing occurrences, foreign and domestic. Richard Pierce was the printer, and Benjamin Harris the publisher. In the same year Governor Fletcher, of New York, caused a London Gazette, containing intelligence of an engagement with the French, to be reprinted. On Monday, April 24, 1704, appeared the first number of the 'Boston News-Letter,' a half sheet of paper twelve inches by eight, with two columns on each page. It was published and edited apparently by John Campbell, postmaster of Boston, a Scotchman and a bookseller. This journal continued to be issued weekly till 1776." See Appleton's New American Cyclopedia; article, Newspapers. Vol. XII, 315. This confirms the statement of the "Queen of Monthlies," and will, doubtless, be satisfactory to your querist as to who is right.

ORWELL.

**THE MAGICAL MIRRORS.**—Aristotle was a Greek philosopher, born at Stagira, B. C. 384, educated at Athens, tutor to Alexander the Great. He employed more than a thousand naturalists in collections and experiments for his studies in natural history, and his metaphysical philosophy obtained a wider and more permanent empire than the armies of his pupil. In the dark ages he was called a magician with the omnipotent wand which lecturers tell of—at Morristown! Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of a noble family at Cologne, born 1486, was a man of various learning, and passed for a magician, with a mirror in which he could see distant or future events. See a fine example in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, where we are told how the Earl of Surrey took 'advantage of his magic glass to supply the want of a telegraphic dispatch from home.

C. H.

**A RELIC OF THE PAST.**—The Patterson (N. J.) Guardian says: Mr. Jefferson Gauntt, of Haledon, in this county, presents us with an original copy of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard Almanac," which was bought of Dr. Franklin himself, by Mr. Gauntt's grandfather, at Franklin's printing office in Philadelphia, on the first day of January, 1753. It is consequently one hundred and nine years old. It has been preserved in the family up to the present time.

The following advertisement appears in the back part of the book—the pages are not numbered—of the then recent invention of lightning rods:

*How to secure Houses, etc., from LIGHTNING.*

IT has pleased God in his Goodness to Mankind, at length to discover to them the Means of securing their Habitations and other Buildings from Mischief by Thunder and Lightning. The Method is this: Provide a small Iron Rod—it may be made of the Rod-iron used by the Nailers—but of such a Length, that one End being three or four Feet in the moist Ground, the other may be six or eight Feet above the highest part of the Building. To the upper End of the Rod fasten about a foot of Brass Wire, the Size of a common Knitting-needle, Sharpened to a fine Point; the Rod may be secured to the House by a few small Staples. If the House or Barn be long, there may be a Rod and Point at each End, and a middling Wire along the Ridge from one to the other. A House thus furnished will not be damaged by Lightning, it

being attracted by the Points, and passing thro' the Metal into the Ground without hurting any Thing. Vessels also having a sharp-pointed Rod fix'd on the top of their Masts, with a Wire from the Foot of the Rod reaching down, round one of the Shrouds, to the Water, will not be hurt by Lightning.

**OLD CAPITOL INSCRIPTIONS.—THE SOUTH FRONT.**—In the April number of the Repository, under the head of "Notes and Queries," a correspondent asks for the inscriptions on the old State-House at Columbus. In the June number the request is partially answered, the inscription over the south door being omitted. A lady of Springboro kindly furnishes it. It is from Barlow's Columbiad:

"Here social man a second birth shall find,  
And a new range of reason lift his mind,  
Feed his strong intellect with purer light,  
A nobler sense of duty and of right,  
The sense of liberty! whose holy fire  
His life shall temper, and his laws inspire.  
Soul-searching freedom! here assume thy stand,  
And radiate hence to every distant land;  
Point out and prove, how all the scenes of strife,  
The shock of State, the impassioned broils of life,  
Spring from unequal away; and how they fly  
Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye.  
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,  
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,  
Bold nature bursting through her long disguise,  
And nations daring to be just and wise."

S. W.

**THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.**—The Venus de Medicis, which takes its name from having belonged to the Medici family, who found it in the Villa Adriana, at Tivoli, and which claims for its author the famous Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus of Athens, is the highest type of physical beauty, according to the Greek standard, which the world, since Pheidias, has acknowledged the maximum.

**RIDDLES FOR THE MONTH.**—

'T was whispered in heaven, 't was muttered in hell,  
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of earth 't was permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confess'd;  
'T will be found in the sphere when it's riven asunder,  
Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder;  
'T was allotted to man in his earliest breath,  
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health;  
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth;  
In the heaps of the miser 't is boarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal heir.  
It begins ev'ry hope, ev'ry wish it must bound,  
With the husbandman toils, and with the monarch is crowned.

Without it the soldier and seaman may roam,  
But woe to the wretch that expels it from home.  
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,  
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion be drown'd.  
It will soften the heart; though deaf to the ear,  
'T will make it acutely and instantly hear.  
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower:  
O! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour!

Part of a tree—if right transposed—  
An insect then will be disclosed,  
Which robs me of my precious sleep  
And makes me painful vigils keep.

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go,  
And many nails thereon, but not one toe.

## Birds and Beasts for Children.

**SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS**—THE PARROT WHO DID NOT CARE.—“If you go up those trees, the monkeys will come after you and pull the feathers out of your tail,” said a grave old parrot to a foolish young bird of the same kind.

“O no, ma'am,” said Miss Poll, “they won't touch me; and if they do, I do n't care.”

“Very well,” said the old lady, and went on with her dinner. Away flew Poll, and sure enough the monkeys did come after her; she screamed, they chattered, she flew to a high branch and called out, “Mr. Rolldom, you can't catch me; I do n't care if you do.” While mocking this monkey, she did not know that another was close behind her, and had already laid hold of her tail. Out came some of the feathers. And as she turned round to peck at him with her sharp beak, Mr. Rolldom caught her and took some more feathers. While the two monkeys were sucking the quills, she mounted to the highest branch of the tree, which would not bear their weight, and scolded them for being so rude and impudent as to touch her. They only made faces at her, and jumped to another tree; she had hardly a feather left in her tail, and she felt very uncomfortable; besides, she knew she was a great fright, and, therefore, she waited where she was till it was getting dark, hoping she should get home without being seen by her neighbors.

Poll was not so lucky as to get back to her own tree without being seen; for she met the old parrot who had cautioned her in the day against the monkeys. “We are going the same way,” said the good old lady, “we can fly together;” but Poll backed into a tree and replied, “I thank you, but I am tired and shall go so slowly you will be weary of me;” and it was quite true, she was tired.

“There is something the matter,” said her friend; “why do you sit there in such an awkward manner?—what has happened to you?”

“Nothing of any consequence,” returned Poll.

“You need not try to hide it,” continued the old lady; “I saw you with the monkeys, and I know what is the matter. I would have pitied you, but you do not seem to care; therefore I shall wish you good evening. A good thing, too,” whispered she as she went away. “I hope it will bring down her pride, and make her take good advice.”

Poll reached her tree, and did not leave it again, except in the dusk to get something to eat. When her friends knew of her misfortune, they paid her many visits. Parrots are great chatterboxes; and this was a capital time in which to indulge their love of talking. In a few days the low tree where Poll lived was filled with other parrots who lived near, and their numbers frightened away most other animals; for they bite very hard, and scream loud enough to make every body deaf. A rookery in England, noisy as it is, is nothing to a company of parrots. “Do tell me how your trouble came upon you,” said a newly-arrived bird; and Poll, for about the hundredth time, repeated the story. The listener started; Poll stopped and stared. “Dear me,” said the parrot, “I thought I heard the monkeys behind me; but it was nothing. I suppose I am a little nervous: go on, my dear friend.” Poll proceeded with her story, when all at once a large cloud, as they thought, dropped over the tree in which they were sitting, and covered them with darkness.

The parrots dared not speak, but they felt themselves seized; their heads were put under their wings in a moment, and they were all packed into a basket; they dared not move after that; but they were sure their companions were not killed, because they felt they were warm and breathing. After being carried to a distance, each was taken out, a string fastened round one leg, their head was taken from under the wing, and before they could recover their senses, they were all in a large room, each fastened to a peg stuck

into the ground. As they began to know where they were, they were in great trouble; some screamed, some tried to get away, some kept muttering to themselves, and so they passed the next day. Corn was spread on the ground before them, and pans of water placed within their reach; but they could not eat, and at last, worn out with sorrow, when night came, they slept. In the morning the old parrot peeped in at the window and said:

“Do you care now, Poll? Your frolic with the monkeys has not only brought yourself into trouble, but many of your friends.”

“I do n't care for myself,” cried Poll, and would not say another word.

In the course of a few weeks all Poll's companions were sold to people who came to the place in ships; but she was left to the last because her tail was so shabby. Fresh feathers, however, began to grow, and the steward of a ship bought her, giving for her an old pair of worsted stockings. He was a judge of parrots, and knew, when her tail was restored, she would be very handsome; and he joyfully took her on board his vessel. She was very stiff, and thought even a cage better than being fastened by the leg; she stretched her wings, jumped up and down her perches, and said to herself, “I do n't care at all. I shall always now be free from monkeys.”

Poll's master was going to give her to a lady in his own country, who had been very kind to him; so he fed her up with all sorts of good things, and at first she was not sorry to have lost her liberty; but when she saw some of her former companions fly over the ship, she beat her wings against the cage and hung her head. As she was at one time standing in a melancholy way on her perch, she felt something twitch her tail, and to her great surprise she saw one of her old enemies, the monkeys, giving a pull at her bright, newly-grown feathers. She turned herself round and gave him a peck; and, by keeping her beak always opposite to his face, she contrived to escape him. “I do n't care for you at all,” said she; “you can not get at me here.”

“You'll see for that,” said the monkey.

Very early one morning Poll was placed on the top of a high place, and was screaming and enjoying the air, when all at once she found herself upset; her cup of water was overturned upon her, and she lay panting on her back at the bottom. Jack had just reached out his hand to give her a pull, when he saw her piece of sugar; and thinking that a much better thing, picked it up, and put it into his mouth. The steward heard the cage fall, ran to take up his pet, put her all right, beat Jack, and shut him up. “I do n't care for you now,” said Poll; and she thought she did not care for being taken into the steward's little room; but she found it sometimes very hot, dark, and stifling, and then she longed for her tall trees again, even though they were full of monkeys.

When the weather grew colder, she was glad to be down stairs, for several of the other parrots died in consequence of the change; but she was always sheltered, and she learned to speak, to whistle tunes, and call all the people about her by their names—that of the cabin-boy being most often repeated; she was always crying out, “Bill, come here; you're wanted,” and brought him down so often that he was very angry, and scolded her. “I do n't care,” said she to herself; “the steward will take care of me.” But one day, quite out of patience, he gave her a knock upon the crown, which caused her to have a headache for many days.

At last Poll reached London, and as it was Winter-time, she could hardly persuade herself it was daylight, and found it difficult to breathe. But at length the steward took her to her mistress, who lived in a fine house in a square, had

flowers in her room, gave Poll a beautiful large cage, a handsome china cup to drink out of, and let her walk about sometimes. "I do n't care for any thing," said she, "I am so grand." "Do n't you? Mighty fine!" said a voice from the other side of the room. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Who can that be laughing at me?" said Poll. The laugh was repeated, till Poll grew very angry, screamed, and ruffled her feathers. Then she thought it might be a monkey, though she could not see one, and thought she would not care, and turned her back to the side whence the laugh came.

Poll improved very fast, repeated all she heard, and having a great taste for music, whistled many tunes, and was very much caressed by her mistress. Whenever the lady talked to her, she heard the same laugh which had before affronted her; and, as she was one day riding about on her mistress's finger, she discovered that there was another parrot in the room, and that it was he who had been so rude. He was quite angry when he saw her with their mistress, called her ugly, for she was only gray and red, while he was green, red, yellow, and blue, and fancied himself much the handsomest. "I do n't care for him," said she; "I am as good as he."

From this time the two birds quarreled terribly, for Red-Top was very jealous of Poll; and, it must be owned, it was rather hard for a new-comer to be thought so much of. Had he been a good-natured bird, they might have been placed side by side, and enjoyed each other's company; but as the jealousy went on, it seemed as if he recollected all the bad words he had heard the sailors say when they quarreled in the ship which brought him over, and his mistress was obliged to keep him in the back drawing-room. When she went to bed, she always shut the doors between them, so that they could not scream at each other in the morning before she came down stairs.

The lady was out all of one day, and did not get home till it was quite late, so that she went to bed directly, without seeing the parrots; and supposed that the housemaid had closed the doors as usual. Red-Top thought this an excellent time to get rid of Poll, whom he so much disliked. He worked and pulled at the door of his cage, and at last managed to get it open; he then walked up to that of Poll, and before she was quite awake, he put his claws into the cage, dragged her close to the bars, pulled off some of her feathers, and picked a piece out of her flesh. Poll gave such a scream that she awoke her mistress, who got up in haste, ran down stairs, and found her favorite bleeding. She beat Red-Top, and carried him back to his cage, which made him so angry that he even bit her—his best friend. He did himself no good by this, for he was sent into the kitchen, and out of the house, as soon as a good home could be found for him.

After that time, Poll, who soon got well, was treated just like a queen, and grew so conceited in consequence, that she fancied she might do any sort of mischief and not be even scolded. One day she threw down a glass which had cost a great deal of money, and when the housemaid blamed her, she said to herself, "I do n't care." Then she was found picking a screen to pieces; and for this she was beaten, put into her cage, and not allowed to come out for a long time. Still she was not cured, and was as impudent as ever, and did not care for any body. But there is nothing like trouble to make people leave off their wickedness. Poll was at length let out once more; and soon after, the window being open, she perched upon the outside ledge, and determined to see a little of the English world by flying across the square. She knew she ought not to do so, but she said, "I do n't care, I shan't be long; I choose to take my pleasure."

There was such an outcry for Poll all through the place, and at last she was seen sitting on the top of a house nearly opposite. The servants knocked at the door, and asked leave to go and catch her; but by the time they had mounted all the stairs, she was gone to another at some little distance. The policemen were called for, to see that no one stole her and keep the boys in order, who ran from all parts, hoping to catch Poll and get a reward. One of them from a corner, who appeared to be very quiet, saw her fly into a tree in the square, throw a stone at her, and brought her down. As she

fell, he picked her up and carried her to her mistress, who instantly gave him five shillings.

"O, Poll," said the lady, "how could you play such a trick!" and was going to scold her; but when she saw how Poll was hurt, she quite cried. A doctor was sent for directly, felt her wounded leg, shook his head, and said it was so badly broken that it must come off. The lady was quite shocked, but it was necessary. Poll trembled, and was dreadfully frightened; but her head was wrapped up in a cloth, her mistress's maid held her, the sharp knife and scissors were taken out of the doctor's case, and in one minute the leg was cut away. Bandages were put on, a soft bed was made for Poll inside her cage, where she might lie if she liked. She had a great deal of pain, and was very ill for some time; and then she thought of all she had done, and promised to herself never to say "I do n't care" again; for now she was made to care all her life, only being able to hop about in the most awkward manner the rest of her days. However, she lost her worst faults; and that was better than keeping her leg and remaining naughty.

**THE CALF OF THE LEG VS. THE COW.**—I wish all those interested in the sayings of the little folks could have heard the innocent but very amusing questions of my little nephew a few days ago. It being warm, his ma had let him take off his shoes and stockings. Arty was much pleased with his little bare feet, and pretty soon asked, "Mamma, where 's the calf of my leg?" After she had told him he sat still a few minutes, and then very inquiringly said, "Well, mamma, where 's the cow?" L. H. P.

**STARS AND STRIPES IN THE SKY.**—Our little Mary is only five years old, and I think that some of her smart sayings are worthy of a place in your *Sideboard for Children*. Last Summer, when the secession feeling was so strong in Missouri, she was out one evening with her little brother, Tommy; looking at the stars and pointing up to the sky she said, "Tommy, do n't you see the Stars and Stripes up in the sky?"

**HOW TO BECOME A LAMB.**—One evening as I was putting her to bed, she heard some sheep out in the road and she said, "R., whose sheep are them?" I told her that they were Mr. B.'s. "Well," says she, "I am going to ask Mr. B. to give me one, and then I will cut its head off and put it on my head, and then I will be a little lamb."

**NICE AND SMOOTH UP IN THE SKY.**—One evening as she and her sister were out walking, after the stars were out, she stopped, and gazing upward at the clear, blue sky she said, "M., would n't it be nice to play up in the sky with the stars, it is so nice and smooth up there?" R. S.

**THE FRIEND WHO LIVES OVER THE MOUNTAINS.**

Our little Viola was sad in her play,

And said, as she felt in the world quite alone,

"I do n't know that any one loves me to-day—

Yes, there is one Friend—I know there is one."

"And who is that Friend?" asked Mary, her mate,

As started the tears from pity's quick fountains;

"O, he is the man with a heart very great,

He is the dear Friend who lives over the mountains."

"Over the mountains, so far, far away!

Viola, then say does he ever come near?"

"Yes, he is the Savior; he comes when I pray,

And whenever I think of him, then he is here.

And when I sit down to read his good Word,

He speaks to my heart in a whisper so mild;

And you too may hear the dear voice of the Lord,

If you'll read it, and pray, and be a good child."

I will tell you what once a little girl said,

Who was going to heaven to drink of its fountains,

She whispered it softly, she was not afraid,

"The strong Man will carry me over the mountains."

Over the mountains! O there is his home,

And there all his people forever will rest;

To all of his dying ones Jesus will come,

And the strong Man will carry his lambs on his breast!



## Irish Drawings.

**A SUPPLEMENTAL BATCH OF IRISH BULLS.**—We add the following to our list of last month, and now wonder if the catalogue is not exhausted:

*Changing his Shoes every Morning.*—An Irish laborer bought a pair of shoes, and at the same time asked the shoemaker if he could tell him what would prevent them going down on the sides? The shoemaker said, the only way to prevent that was to change them every morning. Pat accordingly returned the following morning, called for a pair of shoes, fitted them on, left the pair he bought the day before, and was walking out of the shop without further notice, when the shoemaker called to him to know what he was doing, telling him at the same time, that he had forgotten to pay for the shoes he had just bought. "And is it what am I doing, you ask? am not I doing what you told me yesterday, changing my shoes every morning?"

*The Ancients Stealing One's Thoughts.*—An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed, he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

*Borrowing a Neighbor's Knocker.*—An Irishman who lodged at the Dolphin Inn, Bristol, coming home late one night, when all were in bed, and there being no knocker on the door, he thumped with his hand for some time, and could make nobody hear. At length, on the opposite side of the way, he found a house with a knocker, and began thumping most unmercifully, when the landlord of the house, putting his head out of the window, exclaimed, "What do you want here at this time, disturbing one's rest?" "Arrah, honey," cried Pat, "what did you disturb yourself for? I was only borrowing your knocker."

*Money in the Stocks.*—An Irishman being told that a friend of his had put his money in the stocks, "Well," said he, "I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs often enough in them."

*Somebody's Dead that Lives there.*—As two Irish soldiers were passing through Chippenham, one of them observing the Borough Arms—which have somewhat the appearance of a hatchment—over the town-hall door, accosted his comrade with, "Arrah, Pat, look up, what is that sign?" "Botheration," cries Pat, "'t is no sign at all at all, 't is only a sign that somebody's dead that lives there."

*See with the Eye that 's Knocked Out.*—After a battle lately between two celebrated pugilists, an Irishman made his way to the chaise, where the one who had lost the battle had been conveyed, and said to him, "How are you, my good fellow? can you see at all with the eye that 's knocked out?"

*The Duke of York's Birthday.*—"Susan!" said an Irish footman to his fellow-servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?" "In honor of the Duke of York's birthday, Mr. Murphy." "Be aisy, now," rejoined the Hibernian, "none of your blarney—sure, 't was the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless indeed they are twins?"

*Expectorate.*—"Does your husband expectorate?" said an apothecary to a poor Irish woman who had long visited his shop for her sick husband. "Expect to ate, yer honor—no sure, and Paddy does not expect to ate—he 's nothing at all to ate!" The humane man sent a large basin of mixture from a tureen of soup then smoking on his table.

*Begging Pardon.*—A learned Irish judge, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion.

On his circuit, a short time since, his favorite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

*The Rising Sun a Moon.*—An Irishman saw the sign of the Rising Sun near the Seven Dials, and underneath was wrote, *A. Moon*, the man's name who kept it being Aaron Moon. The Irishman thinking he had discovered a just cause for triumph, roars out to his companion, "Only see, Feilim! see here! they talk of the Irish bulls: only do but see now! here 's a fellow puts up the Rising Sun, and calls it *A. Moon*."

*Fishes Keeping out of the Wet.*—An Irishman, angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge, upon being asked the reason he gave the following answer: "To be sure, the fish will be after crowding there, in order to keep out of the wet."

*The Sun Returning the Same Way.*—An Irishman maintained in company that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth. "But how then," said one to him, "is it possible, that having reached the west, where he sets, he be seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?" "How puzzled you are," replied this obstinate ignorant man, "he returns the same way; and if it be not perceived, it is on account of his coming back by night."

*When I was a Boy.*—The father of an Irish student seeing his son doing untowardly, "Why, sirrah," says he, "did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?"

*It's None of Us.*—An Irishman, going down the High-street of Glasgow, met a person whom he thought he knew; but Pat, finding his mistake, "I beg your pardon," says he, "I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, but by St. Patrick it is none of us."

*Apple-Pie made of Quinces.*—A very harmless Irishman eating an apple-pie with some quinces in it, "Arrah, dear honey," said he, "if a few of these quinces give such a flavor, how would an apple-pie taste made of all quinces?"

*Pick their Pockets Out of their Hands.*—Pat having paid London a visit for the first time on a Sunday, and seeing the ladies walking with their reticules in their hands, exclaimed, "Ah! by St. Patrick, the English girls I see are knowing ones; no one, faith and truth, can pick their pockets, except they run away with their purses out of their hands."

*Fill the House Before any Body Comes.*—On a benefit night at the Dublin theater, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were opened, which when discovered, a gentleman cried out, in a passion, "It is a shame they should fill the house full of people before any body comes!"

**AMERICAN "BULLS."**—*Mr. Editor.*—I have no new Irish bulls to give you; but the following, which are purely American stock, may be interesting. They all occurred within my hearing:

A blind harper arriving in a country town, sought a watchmaker of some musical celebrity. Not finding him in his shop, the harper's landlord went to search for him. Seeing him in a group of men, the landlord quite innocently exclaimed, "Mr. Park, there is a blind man at my house who wishes to see you."

A father was trying to give his young children an idea of the size of Goliath, for which purpose he pointed to a given

mark on a house opposite. The children expressed astonishment. "And only think," said the mother, "how *big* he must have been when he was *little*!"

A young boy, seeing a coffin for the first time, asked his mother what it was. "That," said the parent gravely, hoping to impress the matter upon the child's mind, "is the only house we will have to *live* in after we are *dead*."

W. H. C.

A SPECIMEN OF A YANKEE PEDDLER.—"I reckon I could n't drive a trade with you to-day, square," said a "gincoine" specimen of a Yankee peddler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St. Louis.

"I reckon you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you need n't git huffy 'bout it. Now here 's a dozen gincoine razor-strops—worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I do n't want any of your traps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall, now, look here, square, I 'll bet you five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we 'll have a trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited a like sum.

"Now," said the merchant, "I 'll give you a picayune [sixpence] for the strops."

"They 're your 'n'!" said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes.

"But," said he, after a little reflection, and with great apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke 's a joke; and if you do n't want them strops, I 'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You are not so bad a chap, after all," said he. "Here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the sixpence.

"A trade is a trade; and now you are wide awake, the next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence you 'll do a little better than to buy razor-strops."

And away walked the peddler with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

THE CASE ARE DECIDED.—A man by the name of Gray had sued a neighbor for killing his dog. The evidence was clear, and the lawyer of the plaintiff submitted the case in a few words. The counsel for the defense then rose and spread himself for a speech. He was just launching into the merits of the case after the usual exordium, "May it please the Court, we are proud to live in a land where justice is administered to the king on the throne and the beggar on his dunghill!"—when the squire, who had heard enough, interrupted him and said,

"Mr. Hurd, you may go ahead with your speech, but the case are decided."

The lawyer very wisely reasoned that there was no use in expending his eloquence under such discouraging circumstances, and wound up with a few preliminary remarks.

CHARGE OF A WESTERN JUDGE.—A "Western Judge," it is said, was dwelling upon the offenses in the penal code to which the attention of the jury should be directed, and after dwelling on the crime of perjury, he proceeds in the next place to say: "Then, gentlemen, thar 's subornation of perjury, which is likewise forbid by the law, and which I reckon is one of the meanest crimes that men get to do fur money. It 's when a feller 's too smart or too scary to swar to a lie himself, and so gits another man to do it fur him—one of yer mean, dirty, snivellin', little-minded fellers! Why, a whole regiment of sich souls could hold a jubilee in the middle of a mustard-seed, and never hear of one another!"

BIG WORDS AND THEIR USE.—Big words pass for sense with some people, and sometimes may be very successfully employed when nothing else will answer—as when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun, and thought the world must be coming to an end.

"O, do n't be afraid," said the good minister; "it 's nothing but a phantasmagoria."

"Is that all?" said the frightened man, and went away quite relieved.

A very sharp lawyer had the misfortune to lose a suit for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs, and, hastening to the lawyer's office, said:

"I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?"

"So I did," answered the lawyer; "but you see, when I brought it up there before the judges, they said it was *quorum non judice*."

"Well, if they said it was bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I do n't wonder we lost it;" and he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

MRS. LAWSON ON HER FIRST STEAMBOAT EXCURSION.—Mrs. Lawson was a passenger on the Mayflower, running between Buffalo and Detroit. It was her first steamboat excursion, and the magnificence of the furniture, carpets, and curtains quite confounded her. She had seen nothing like it "in all this born world" before. At the far end of the ladies' cabin the mirror reached to the floor, and showed another cabin stretching an unknown length beyond. Mrs. Lawson thought to extend her walk of observation to the limits of the vessel, and was speedily confronted by a lady who manifested no disposition to let her pass. They courtesied to each other, and shot out the same way whenever either attempted to pass, till Mrs. Lawson gave it up in disgust, and returned to her friends, who were laughing at her blunder. They told her there was a looking-glass which had deceived her; but, not getting into the sense of the thing yet, she said, "Well, was n't it lucky that I met that stupid woman just there; for, if it had n't been for her I should have smashed right through."

A BRITISHER ON BUNKER HILL.—A Yankee, conveying an English gentleman round Boston, took him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said:

"This is the spot where Warren fell!"

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it 'urt 'im much?"

The native looked at him with the expression of fourteen 4th of Julys in his countenance.

"Hurt him!" he exclaimed; "he was killed, sir."

"Ah! 'e was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think 'e would 'ave been 'urt, to fall so far."

ORTHOGRAPHY AND LAW PAPERS.—Some years ago the Hon. Hiram Runnels, of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, had quite a reputation as a pettifogger. His knowledge of books was very small, and his main reliance was upon his own tact and shrewdness, which rarely failed him. On one occasion he was pitted against a smart, well-dressed limb of the law from the city, who made fun of a paper which Runnels had submitted to the Court. "All law papers," said the learned counselor, "ought to be written in the English language, but I submit to the Court that there are no words in the language spelled as these in the document now before us. I insist that it ought to be excluded."

Runnels replied: "The learned counsel on the other side finds fault with my spellin', as though the merits of the case depended on sich outside matters. I 'm agin luggin' in any sich forin' affairs, but I will say that a man must be a great fool who can't spell a word more than one way."

HOW TO DETERMINE WHETHER INDIGO IS GOOD.—That was a very definite prescription which one old woman on Long Island gave to another respecting the mode of ascertaining whether indigo was good or not. "You see, Miss Hopkins, you must take the lumps, and pound 'em up e'en a'most to a powder, and then sprinkle the powder on to the top of a pan of water; and if the indigo is good, it 'll 'ither sink or swim, and I do n't know which."

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.**—The bishops and General Conference officers of this Church recently held a meeting at Atlanta, Georgia. The bishops divided their work into districts, and their support has been assessed upon the Conferences. The missionary treasury was reported to have no funds, and to be in debt for outstanding drafts. The Nashville and Southern Christian Advocates were consolidated, and ordered to be published under the joint direction of the editors at Atlanta. The New Orleans, Texas, and Memphis Advocates have for some time been suspended, and we learn that the Southern Methodist Publishing House at Nashville has been confiscated to the Government. The Missionary Secretary was directed to travel under the direction of the Board of Managers of the Society; and an urgent call for six thousand dollars for the relief of the China mission was authorized to be made. A plan of Episcopal Visitation was agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned after leaving the time of convening of the General Conference discretionary with the bishops.

**METHODIST BOOKS SOLD.**—Rev. William Taylor's books have had a most extensive sale. Of his *Street Preaching* 27,000 copies have been published; of *California Life Illustrated*, 24,000; of the *Model Preacher*, 12,000; and of *Young America and a Word to the Old Folks*, 20,000; total, 83,000! Nearly all of these copies have been actually sold.

**SAINT CROIX.**—Denmark still possesses three islands in the West Indies: St. Thomas and St. John in the Virgin group, and St. Croix, or Santa Cruz, to which Denmark offers to remove our black freed men. The former is well known to American merchants as a free port and the seat of an active trade. In 1807, during the Napoleonic wars, England captured these three islands and held them till 1814, when they were restored to the Danes, who had abandoned their French alliance. St. Croix is a small island twenty-four miles in length and nine miles in breadth, containing about four thousand white inhabitants. It is highly cultivated, but its cultivation may be greatly extended. It has little commerce of its own, but is frequented by a few foreign vessels. In 1853 it was visited by eight brigs, three barks, and two schooners from the United States, and this is about the average annual number. Their inward cargoes, sold at Frederickstadt, amounted in value to only \$49,902 in that year, and the outward to \$22,432, and at Christianstadt they were nearly the same. There is a great want on the island of mechanics, especially those capable of constructing vessels, ship-yards, docks, and railways. The usual wages given laborers are \$1.25 per day. In all respects but size it is inferior to St. Thomas, which is but eighteen miles in circumference, and lies a little further north. Its products, like those of the adjacent islands, consist of sugar, cotton, coffee, ginger, pimento, cocoa, drugs, tobacco, fruits, etc. The sugar production mostly reappears abroad in the shape of what is called "Old

Santa Cruz," and it is evident the Danish Government finds it profitable enough to be increased. The sugar is also well known in our markets. Travelers describe Frederickstadt, the capital, as being a very interesting and agreeable place, and the government as being quite paternal. No doubt it requires more labor to give St. Croix its true value to the Danish crown.

**OLD JEWELS.**—The jewels of the Egyptian Queen Aah-Kotep, who died eighteen hundred years before Christ, and whose tomb was discovered by a French archaeologist in 1850, will be exhibited at the International Exhibition in London. When found at Gounah the body of the queen was covered with objects in gold and silver, such as a diadem of massive gold incrustated with precious stones, elaborate chased with the heads of sphinxes, and bound together with a cord of gold wrought like a tress; a collar of gold, having depending from it three flies of solid gold, supposed to be the decoration of the Egyptian honorary Order of the Fly; two heads of lions, and a boat of Death mounted on wheels, and with little figures of rowers in silver. The sitter is supposed to represent the deceased queen, and the chanter in the boat is of gold; his finger is placed upon his lip as if enjoining silence.

**A LARGE FOUNDRY.**—Alger's foundry, at South Boston, employs four hundred men day and night, and turns out daily numbers of brass guns weighing four tons each, and iron guns that will throw balls of four hundred pounds weight, besides twelve hundred weight daily of conical shells, twelve hundred weight of mortar shells, and a large amount of war material. Among these last are some new engines of destruction, whose effects, as tested by experiments, are peculiarly terrific.

**ODDFELLOWSHIP.**—Oddfellowship was established in America by Thomas Wilkey and four associates in the city of Baltimore on the 26th day of April, in the year 1819. In 1839, when the Order had been established twenty years, there were over 70,000 Oddfellows in the United States; in 1849 the number had increased to 139,242; and in 1860 the Order, known in every town of the American continent, and in many of the islands of the sea, had 3,548 lodges, with 173,818 members working under the National lodge. The benefits distributed in 1860 were, for relief of brothers, \$518,746, and for charitable purposes, \$72,450. The amount expended for purposes of charity and benevolence between 1830 and 1860 was about eight and a half millions of dollars.

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT COTTON.**—At the close of the Revolution cotton was not raised in the United States as a source of profit. In 1790 less than one hundred bales were exported. At that time the wonderful inventions destined to give importance to cotton culture were in their infancy. In Europe the "jenny" of Arkwright and the steam-engine of Watt were being developed. Arkwright died in 1792, and Watt in 1819. The gin of Whitney was introduced in 1793; and yet.

on a trial for the infringement of Whitney's patent in 1807, the cotton gin had become of so much importance that Judge Johnson remarked to the jury that "with regard to the utility of the discovery the court would deem it a waste of time to dwell long on the topic. From childhood to age it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness have suddenly risen to wealth and respectability. Our debts have been paid off, our capital has increased, and our lands trebled in value. We can not express the weight of obligation the country owes to this invention." Cotton had not then made claim to royalty. Were it not for the inventions referred to, the rule or ruin element of the South would have had to find some other pretext than slavery for the present rebellion.

**DEATH OF BUCKLE, THE AUTHOR.**—Intelligence comes to us from Europe of the unexpected death at Damascus, May 31st, of Henry Thomas Buckle, the well-known author of the "History of Civilization." His "History," the result of his maturer years, remains unfinished. Two volumes have been published, and a third, on Civilization in Germany, was in preparation. Henry Thomas Buckle was born at Lee, England, November 24, 1822; received a good education and entered a commercial house, but soon gained more reputation as a chess-player than as a merchant. In 1840 his father died, leaving him a large fortune, and from his twentieth year Buckle, abandoning commerce, devoted himself to literary pursuits, residing with his mother at her London residence. We have no mind here to touch on what are considered the faults and failings of Mr. Buckle. Undoubtedly he had his own. He offended fearfully both the Scotch and the Scotch Kirk, just as he offended the High Church Tories, aristocrats, beaurocrats, professors, and pedants. A rough and terrible iconoclast, no doubt; but let that pass. He has inaugurated a new method in history, and it is not too much to say that no historical composition henceforth can escape the influence of his genius.

**DR. WENTWORTH.**—Rev. Erastus Wentworth, D. D., one of our missionaries to China, has returned to this country on account of continued ill-health in his family, and has taken charge of the North Second-Street Church in Troy, New York.

**PROFESSOR MARCY.**—Oliver Marcy, of the Wilbraham Seminary, Massachusetts, has been elected Professor of Natural Science in the North-Western University at Evanston, Ill.

**DEATH OF COL. PERRY.**—Rev. James H. Perry, D. D., a member of the New York East Conference, and an officer in the war for the country, died suddenly of apoplexy at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, June 18th. He was an admirable preacher, and his style was characterized by clearness, compactness, and energy. Having received a military education, he enlisted in the United States service, and was one of our best and bravest officers.

**PORTRAITS OF THE BISHOPS.**—We have seen a beautiful photographic picture of our bishops on a sheet of paper about eight inches long and six inches wide. It is by Hawes, of Boston, of the large lithographic

picture by Grozelier, thus combining the merits of the two arts, and more correct and life-like than could be obtained by either art alone. It is published by F. Rand, Boston, who will send it with entire safety on a roller by mail for thirty cents to any address. A convenient way of sending the price will be by inclosing to his address ten three-cent stamps. Ministers supplied for seven three-cent stamps. Brother Rand has also reduced the price of his large lithographic picture of the bishops to one dollar, which will be sent by mail as above, postage paid, on the reception of the dollar.

**COLUMBUS A HALF CENTURY OLD.**—On the 18th of June, 1812, the plat of the city of Columbus, then a "deer-lick," was entered on the record in the Recorder's office of the county. Columbus is, therefore, just fifty years old. About forty-five years of that time Columbus has been the capital of the State. Population now about 20,000.

**SOLDIER'S PAY.**—The Russian soldier receives annually only thirty six dollars per year as pay, and his rations consist solely of black bread. The soldier in the French army receives fifty-six cents a month. The pay of our soldiers is twenty times greater. The estimate in the French budget for 1862 was \$64,687,500 for an army on a war footing of 762,766 men, and in addition a reserve militia on a peace footing of 415,746 men. It costs the United States nearly three times as much to maintain a soldier as it does the British Government, and it must be remembered that the British Government can get money at three per cent. interest, while it costs us six per cent. or more.

**EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.**—By late arrivals we learn the final action of the Dutch Government in respect to the abolition of slavery in its colonies. No further importation of slaves is to be allowed at Java and the neighboring islands. Those already there are being nearly freed under progressive emancipation. In the West Indies similar steps have been taken. A Surinam paper says that all the slaves in the Dutch American possessions are to be free on the first of July, 1863.

**PUBLIC WORKS IN ITALY.**—A railroad has recently been opened all the way from Bologna to Ancona, on the Adriatic, running along the base of the Appenines, and at no great distance from the old Roman road built by Æmilius more than two thousand years ago—a work that is still in a state of remarkable preservation. Within twelve months it is estimated that a journey between Turin and Naples can be accomplished within forty hours—twenty-four by rail and sixteen by coach. On the various lines of the former 35,000 workmen are busily employed.

**MT. CENIS TUNNEL.**—A short time since the Emperor Napoleon had a long conversation with M. Gratioti, the chief engineer at the Mt. Cenis tunnel, upon the progress of the work. His Majesty proposed a new plan of his own invention, which is going to be tried. The present mode consists in piercing holes to a considerable depth, which are then filled up with gunpowder to a quarter of the depth and fired. This work has been in progress a long while.



## Literary Notices.

(1.) **NORTH AMERICA.** *By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 623 pp. 12mo. 60 cents.*—It is not to be expected that an Englishman will see our country and our institutions with an American eye, but fairness is possible even in English travelers, as Sir Charles Lyell demonstrates; though we have so few examples besides him of it. Mr. Trollope is no exception to the general rule, but he shows immeasurably more candor and justice than Dickens or Featherstonhaugh. He is no democrat, and, therefore, he hates democracy, but he finds in it still something to admire. It is that feeling of manhood, of self-respect and independence which universal education has generated, and which constantly tends to level up the lower classes into the circles of the best and most refined society. But even this is intolerable to his sensibilities, and the Old World distinctions of rank, from prince to peasant, are more accordant with his tastes. However much he dislikes the American man, he has less conceit of the American woman. He describes her as "ferocious in her propriety," haughty in her demeanor, imperious and willful, selfish and proud, and attributes this character to that pettiness of thought among the men which is supposed by Americans to be chivalry!

If Mr. Trollope fails to apprehend our social condition, he is quite as much at fault as to our political. In discussing the Trent affair, he thinks the ready acquiescence of our people to the action of the Government a mark of pusillanimity; and finds in the respect shown by us to the constituted authorities a sad lack of a healthy and firm tone of public opinion. Two or three chapters are devoted to the constitution and polity of our Government, but it is evident that the author neither likes nor understands us. He has, however, made a very readable book, and has shown us to ourselves as others see us—a lesson which will be well if we amend our faults and improve our virtues.

(2.) **HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST.** *By W. Pembroke Fetridge. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 480 pp., double columns. \$2.75.*—In the compass of this single volume the American traveler will find a large amount of information respecting Europe and the East. The best routes, the speediest and safest conveyances, the principal hotels, and the chief objects of interest in the Old World, are set forth with some minuteness; and a few general directions as to baggage, money, passports, and expenses are given. The best guide-books for Europe, heretofore published, are expensive and bulky; and travelers desirous of getting a knowledge of Italy have been compelled to buy five or six volumes—two for Northern, two for Southern and Central Italy, and one for Rome—and thus cumber themselves with extra baggage for perhaps only a few days' sojourn in the country. Where a delay of some weeks or months is intended, the author advises the purchase of these several works; but

for a few months' tour through Europe and the East, the present volume contains every thing of account. After all, an observing eye and an attentive ear are worth more than any thing else to a traveler seeking a real knowledge of the places which he visits; and guide-books are only like finger-boards or milestones on our roads—they simply point out the way.

(3.) **REPLIES TO ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.** *By Seven Clergymen of the Church of England, with a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 438 pp.*—The seven essays in this volume were written in entire independence of each other, each author being requested by the original publishers to write an essay on a subject named, with the especial object of replying to a given essay in the volume of "Essays and Reviews." Accordingly the present work was prepared, and contains the following articles: I. The Education of the World, by Rev. E. M. Goulburn, D. D., late Head Master of Rugby School. II. Bunsen, the Critical School, and Dr. Williams, by Rev. H. J. Rose, B. D., Rector of Houghton Conquest. III. Miracles, by Rev. C. A. Heurtley, D. D., Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Divinity in Oxford. IV. The Idea of the National Church, by Rev. W. J. Irons, D. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Vicar of Brompton, Middlesex. V. The Creative Week, by Rev. G. Rorison, M. A., Incumbent of Peterhead, Diocese of Aberdeen. VI. Rationalism, by Rev. A. W. Hadden, B. D., Rector of Barton-on-the-Heath, Warwickshire. VII. On the Interpretation of Scripture, by Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. In addition to these articles there is an Appendix, containing critical letters from Rev. Robert Main, M. A., Pembroke College, and John Phillips, M. A., Magdalen College. These are all very able essays; and though without so much show of learning as the similar work entitled "Aids to Faith," the arguments are equally convincing, and the logical analysis and penetration are quite as profound. The ingenuity of the "Essays and Reviews" is fairly met; and no spirit of caviling or assumed liberality in them is allowed to disturb the equanimity of the answers. With perfect good humor, and with real charity, the Replies wield a trenchant blade; which, though it cuts like a razor dipped in oil, is as murderous as a rusty sword, stained with blood and hacked into notches along its edge.

(4.) **FIRST LESSONS IN MECHANICS.** *By W. E. Worthen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 192 pp.*—We have examined this work quite thoroughly, and judge it to be a first-rate work for beginners in mechanics. It is written in simple style, and goes over the whole ground briefly, but with sufficient thoroughness for an elementary book.

(5.) **LEARNING TO SPELL, TO READ, TO WRITE, AND TO COMPOSE, ALL AT THE SAME TIME.** *By J. A. Ja-*

cobs, A. M. *In Two Parts*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 18mo. 332 pp.—The author is Principal of the Kentucky Institution for the Education of Deaf Mutes, and the system presented in this little book, of teaching words by signs and pictures, has been successfully practiced in his school. The picture of a thing is given, and underneath it the word which it represents; and the pupil learns the word by the picture. This plan has also been tried in our primary schools with good results.

(6.) ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE. By John Saunders, author of "The Shadow in the House," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 162 pp. Paper covers. 25 cents.

(7.) THE STOLEN MARK; or, the Mysterious Cash Box. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll. Paper covers. 8vo. 25 cents.

(8.) THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS. By George Augustus Sala, Editor of "Temple Bar," and author of "The Seven Sons of Mammon," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll. 8vo. 25 cents.

(9.) CATALOGUES.—1. Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O., Rev. F. Merrick, President. Faculty, 9; Students, 307.—2. Indiana Asbury University, Greencastle, Ia., Thomas Bowman, D. D., President. Faculty, 9; Students, 229.—3. Iowa Wesleyan University, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Rev. G. B. Jocelyn, President. Faculty, 11; Students, 160.—4. Universitas Wesleyana, Josephus Cummings, S. T. D., Præses. Ordo Academicus, 7; Numerus Alumnorum integer, 850.—5. Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn., Herman M. Johnson, D. D., President. Faculty, 8; Students, 104.—6. Baldwin University, Berea, O., John Wheeler, D. D., President. Faculty, 10; Students, 324.—7. Methodist General Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., Bishop O. C. Baker, President. Faculty, 4; Students, 60.—8. Mount Union College, Stark county, O., O. N. Hartsborn, LL. D., President. Faculty, 6; Students, 204.—9. Farmers' College, College Hill, O., J. Tuckerman, President. Faculty, 7; Students, 81.—10. Fort Edward Institute, N. Y., Rev. Jos. E. King, Principal. Teachers, 15; Students, 529.—11. Ohio Female College, H. N. Day, D. D., LL. D., President. Teachers, 17; Students, 161.—12. Hillsboro Female College, O., Miss Mary J. Warner, Principal. Teachers, 5; Students, 90.—13. Battle Ground Institute, Ia., Rev. David Holmes, Principal. Teachers, 6; Students, 220.—14. Western Reserve Seminary, Farmington, O., Rev. Wm. D. Archbold, Principal. Teachers, 7; Students, 198.—15. Moore's Hill Collegiate Institute, Ia., Rev. S. R. Adams, Principal. Teachers, 7; Students, 131.—16. Valparaiso Male and Female College, Ia., Rev. E. H. Staley, Principal. Teachers, 7; Students, 272.—17. Beaver Seminary, Penn., Rev. R. T. Taylor, Principal. Teachers, 8; Students, 206.—18. University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Rev. H. P. Tappan, D. D., LL. D., President. Professors, 27; Students, 615.—19. Indiana University, Cyrus Nutt, D. D., President. Faculty, 8; Students, 152.

(10.) THE NORTH BRITISH, for May, contains, The Church of England—Respondent—a Summary of "Aids

to Faith" and "Replies to Essays and Reviews;" Geological Changes in Scotland in Historic Times; Recent Homeric Critics and Translators—a Critique; The Commemoration of 1662—a Sketch of the Act of Uniformity, Non-Conformity, and Dissent; The Early Poetry of England and Scotland; Present Movements among the French Clergy—showing the tendencies among them to an evangelical faith; Lunacy Legislation—giving the state of that subject in Scotland; Sir G. C. Lewis on the Astronomy of the Ancients; The Last Poems and other Works of Mrs. Browning; Our Colonies—a thorough John Bull article.

(11.) THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for April, contains, Jesse's Memoirs of Richard the Third; Centralization; Gussarff's Edition of Carolingian Romances; Recent Researches in Buddhism; Modern Domestic Service; Mommsen's Roman History; Cotton Culture in India; Sir A. Alison's Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart; Public Monuments; David Gray; Clerical Subscription.

(12.) BLACKWOOD, for June, contains, The New Exhibition; Mrs. Petherick's American Journal; Caxtoniana, Part V; Six Weeks in a Tower; The Life of Edward Swing; Chronicles of Carlingford; Our Annual Deficits; Who Planned the Monitor?

These three periodicals are of L. Scott & Co.'s reprints, and are on sale by G. N. Lewis, 28 West Sixth-street, Cincinnati. \$3 each, or the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$10.

(13.) HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The July number is on our table. Terms, \$3 per annum in advance, or two copies for \$5. Address Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York, or Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

(14.) REPORTS OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, AND TRACT SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. 8vo. 232 pp.

(15.) MINUTES OF CONFERENCES.—1. Black River Conference, 1862. Bishop Ames, President; John B. Foote, Secretary. 2. Maine Conference. Bishop Baker, President; Asahel Moore, Secretary.

(16.) MEMOIR OF JOHN MERRICK.—We are indebted to Hon. John A. Poor for a copy of this pamphlet, prepared for the Maine Historical Society by D. R. Goodwin, D. D., Provost of the University of Pennsylvania.

(17.) MISSIONARY SERMON, preached before the New York Conference at Peekskill, April 11, 1862. By S. D. Brown. This sermon was published in pamphlet form by request of the Conference. It is well prepared and full of suggestive thoughts.

(18.) SERMON ON THE DEATH OF NATHAN BANGS, D. D. By Bishop James—May 6, 1862. Printed at the Eastern Book Concern.

(19.) BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, for July, 1862. This is among the most valuable of our quarterlies, and is published at Andover, Mass., by Warren F. Draper. The contents of this number are, 1. Church-Book of the Puritans at Geneva from 1555 to 1560. 2. Semitic Comparative Philology. 3. A Shakspearian Glossary for our English Bible. 4. The Bible and Slavery. 5. Origin and Distribution of Mankind. 6. Hopkinsianism. 7. Notices of New Publications.

## Editor's Table.

**HAPPY VALLEY.**—We have concluded not to tell our readers its location. Perhaps their eyes have rested upon it. Perhaps not. It may be the creation of the artist, or it may be a mere transcript from a creation of the Great Artist. Which is it? The work of the Great Artist is not only grander in outline, but it is more complete in detail. Yet the one helps in the study of the other. A thorough appreciation of the beauties of nature in whatever form presented is not a mere idle fancy, unproductive of good, but is at once a source of enjoyment and improvement.

**CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.**—This institution, so long and so favorably known to the public, graduated a class of sixteen young ladies at its late Commencement. It was a very noble class, comprising several of a high order of talent and culture. The College has an Alumni Association of nearly four hundred graduates. Some of them have already made their mark in the fields of literature.

The College, we learn, is to be reorganized. For this purpose three Methodist Churches—Wesley, Morris, and Trinity—have donated the old cemetery ground belonging to them, and appraised at \$32,220. This is indeed a "munificent benefaction." These three Churches are entitled to the gratitude of all the friends of female education. It guarantees the permanent establishment of the College in this city.

**JOHN REEVES, ESQ.**—In the death of this eminent layman the Church has suffered a severe loss. From the founding of the Wesleyan Female College he was the first Vice-President of the Board of Trustees—Bishop Morris being President. He has for the past thirty years been identified with all our Church and educational enterprises. He possessed a warm and generous heart; his friendship was genial and lasting. Neither wife nor child was left behind to mourn at his death. But every Cincinnati Methodist was a mourner. When we first came to the West—a stranger, and with a fluttering heart—he was one of the first to take us by the hand and make us feel at home. From that day we knew him as a friend and brother. Even now we feel his loss every day. His memory is blessed.

**"THE BLANCHARD FUND."**—In looking over some business papers of the Western Book Concern the above heading attracted our attention. We believe that neither personally nor editorially are we under obligations to conceal the benevolent acts of an individual, even though he should shrink from any public notice, if we conscientiously believe such notice would be the means of stirring up others to benevolent deeds. A simple but pleasing and suggestive story is connected with this "Blanchard fund." A father is distributing to benevolent objects "the portion of the inheritance" which would have fallen to a beloved and promising son had he not been called away. The other children are already suitably provided for, and

now the father with his own heart and hand consecrates this portion to the Lord. Among the objects remembered are the Ladies' Home Mission of Cincinnati, which has received probably not less than \$2,000; the Wesleyan Missionary Society, London; the Western Book Agents in trust for books and tracts to be distributed in the North-West, and sundry other benevolent causes have been remembered in amounts not varying much probably from \$500 each.

Our object in adverting to this matter is not to praise the donor, but to elicit the interest of others. What more fitting memorial of a child "not lost but gone before" than a Christian benefaction? It is a monument that will outlast the most costly and durable marble. God grant that these lines may attract the attention of some one who will go and do likewise!

**THE DOCTORATE UPON OUR SENIOR AGENT.**—The Baldwin University conferred the honorary D. D. upon Rev. Adam Poe at its late Commencement. Mr. Poe has long enjoyed the reputation of being a clear-headed and able divine. From the beginning he has been an earnest co-worker in our educational enterprises. As a pioneer minister few have equaled him in self-sacrificing labor. No man has more fully earned or is more truly worthy of any honors the Church has to bestow upon him. Prof. Reubelt also received the same honor from the same institution.

**SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENTS IN OUR MOTIVE POWER.**—New boilers, a new engine, and new fixtures have taken the place of the old in the Western Book Concern. This greatly improves the facility and capacity of its mechanical departments. At the same time it gives evidence that, under the wise and energetic measures of the Agents, the Concern is passing through the perils and trials of war safely and successfully.

**BROWNLOW'S BOOK.**—The sale of Parson Brownlow's book goes on wonderfully. Seventy-five thousand copies have been issued. Of this number Applegate & Co., the western publishers, have ordered forty thousand. We have received the following autograph letter from Mr. Brownlow addressed to his "friends," and invite to it the attention of our readers—every one of whom is the "friend" of the brave old patriot:

Having had numerous inquiries from my friends throughout the Union in regard to my book, I will state to all concerned that my friend and publisher, Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, allows me a very liberal copy-right. I am interested in the circulation of the work, and I am benefited by every copy sold. While I am not offering a book to the public that is not worth what is asked for it, I need all that I can realize from the work, for the rebels have possession of all my effects, save my wife and seven children.

**MOUNT UNION COLLEGE AND THE FOURTH.**—The citizens of Stark and the adjoining counties celebrated the Fourth in a beautiful grove between Alliance and Mount Union. The people were out in large numbers. The editor occupied the morning hour. The grandest picnic dinner ever witnessed was there dispatched. This was followed by an earnest and eloquent

speech from Prof. Everet of Hiram Institute. The audience then adjourned to participate in the exercises of laying the corner-stone of Mount Union College. This new edifice is to be three stories above the basement, and is 116 feet in length by 66 in breadth. The continued success of this flourishing institution is owing in no small degree to the energy and industry of President Hartshorn.

**THE PULPIT OF THE REVOLUTION AND POLITICS.**—The following sermon was preached by Rev. Jacob Prout to soldiers in the army of the Revolution Sept. 10, 1777, on the eve of the battle of Brandywine. Both Washington and General Wayne were present. It was found among some old papers and forwarded for publication in the Western Christian Advocate by C. Mallohan, from Branton Court-House, Virginia, in 1851. The text was, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword." It breathes a spirit not unfitting to the present time:

*Soldiers and Countrymen.*—We have met this evening perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, the dismay of the retreat; alike we have endured cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and outrage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat night after night beside the same camp-fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together heard the roll of the reveille which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, the knapsack for his pillow. And now, soldiers and brethren, we have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away behind yonder heights. The sunlight to-morrow morning will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in the time of terror and blood have we gathered together. God grant it may not be for the last time!

It is a solemn moment. Brethren, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff: the breeze has died away along the green plain. Chadd's Ford, the plain that spreads before us glistening in sunlight, the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a pause of solemn silence on the eve of the uproar, of the bloodshed and strife to-morrow.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolate plain, the blood-soddened valley, the burned farm-house blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town answer. Let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewn along the fields of his homestead, answer. Let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance—let her answer—with the death rattle, mingling with the murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life—let the dying mother and her babe answer.

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not here—wrong was not here. Fraud, and woe, and misery, and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods arose the blue smoke of the settlers' cabins, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the vast wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now, God of mercy, behold the change! Under the shadow of pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plains of Chadd's Ford.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

Brethren, think me not unworthy of belief when I tell you that the doom of the Britisher is near. Think me not

vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds I see gathering thick and fast the dark cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine retribution.

They may conquer us to-morrow.

Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field; but the hour of God's own vengeance will come. Ay, if in the vast solitude of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George, of Brunswick, called king, feel in his brain and in his heart the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah. A blight will be upon his life—a withered brain, an accursed intellect—a blight will be upon his children and on his people. Great God, how dread the punishment! A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns, where the man of money thrives while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all the forms of terror; an ignorant and God-defying priesthood chuckling over the miseries of millions; a proud and merciless nobility, adding wrong and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart, aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand, and tempting men to deeds of woe and death. These are a part of the doom and retribution that shall come upon the English throne and the English people.

Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces with strange interest. To-morrow morning we will all go forth to battle, for need I tell you your unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle; need I exhort you to fight the good fight, to fight for your homesteads and for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong. Walton, I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of midnight on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his gray hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death shriek in your ears. Shelmire, I might tell you of a mother butchered and a sister outraged—the lonely farm-house, the night insults, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatch their victim, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the terrible colors of the vivid reality if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts, determined spirits, though the solemn duty—the duty of avenging the dead—may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around us is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon glare and the piercing musket flash—when the wounded strew the ground and the dead litter your pathway—then remember, soldiers, that God is with you. The eternal God fights for you—he rides in the battle-cloud, he sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge. God, the awful and infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

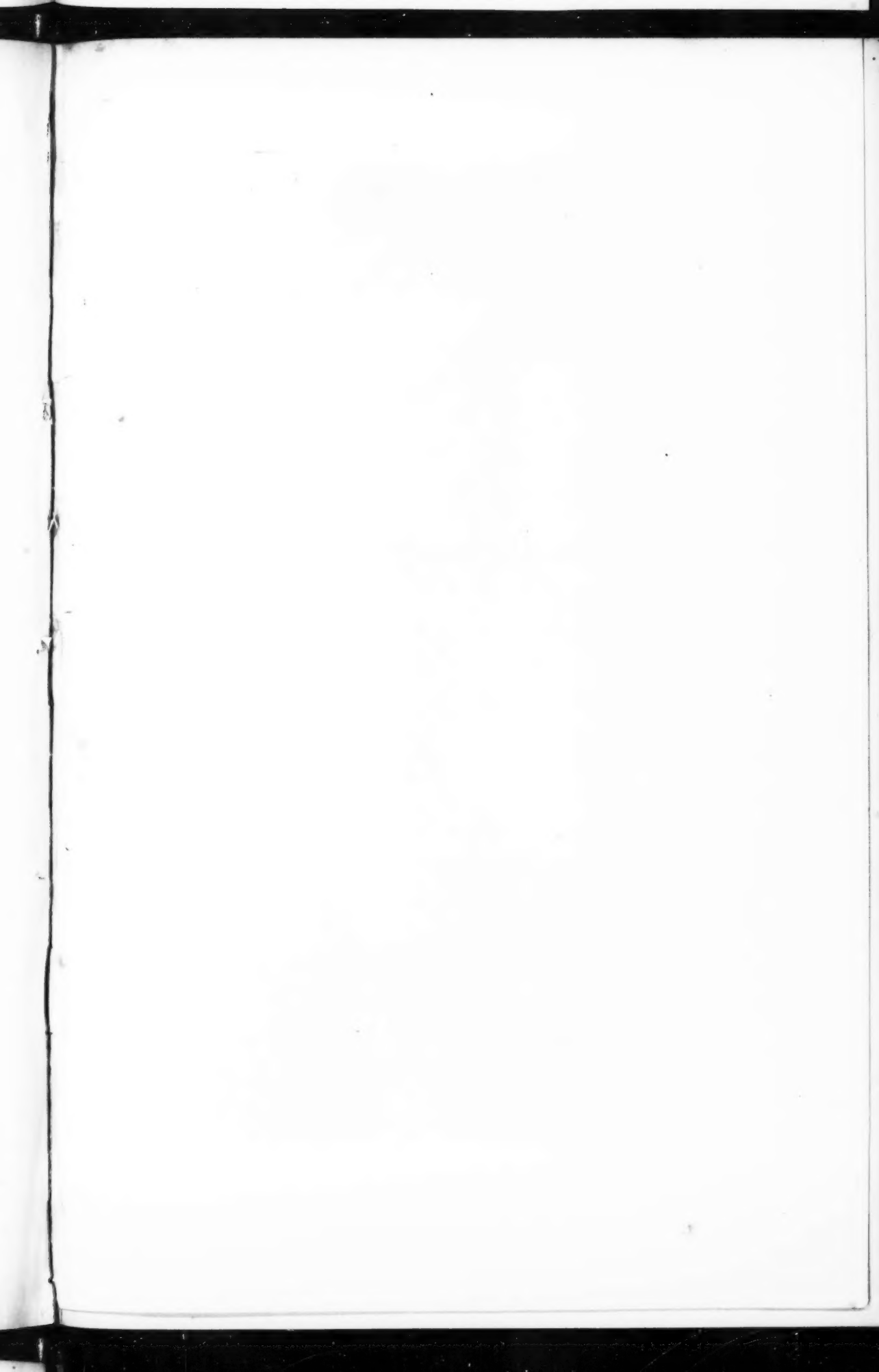
"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and revenge. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is to be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in the blasphemy of God; they shall perish by the sword.

And now, my brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen! Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this Autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley; the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow; around us are the tents of the Continental host; the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents; the stillness and silence that marks the eve of battle. When we meet again may the long shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land! God in heaven grant it!







Entered according to act of Congress, L. 1861, by J. B. & M. H. in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.







Engraved by J. H. Smith New York

THE CLARENCE FORD

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